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Office of The N. Y. Saturday Press

No. 9 SPRUCE STREET, N. Y.

[From the Philadelphia City Item.]

ENFANS DE SOIXANTE-SEIZE.

BY HENRY P. LELAND.

1 I hear the sharp crack of a pistol!
Fitcairn at the head of the red coats shouts fiercely
Rebels, disperse! Throw down your arms and disperse
Then comes the rolling of musketry . . . . . dead in their tracks fall
Four of my countrymen . . . . . This was at Lexington
Martyrs for Liberty . . . . . pallid in death, with the holes letting souls out, drilled by blue lead
From your cold, pale, and inanimate corpses rose with fierce wrath to a new life, long slumbering Liberty

2 He sits on an ottoman, pale, weak, and effeminate
Making talk with the belle of the season; she listlessly toying, daintily playing, just as her sister, way by the Golden Horn,
Sits with her henna-dyed idle hands looking with kohl-stained eyes on her poor toys in the Harem

3 Up, my boy, out of this! Better throw yourself under the wheels of a Juggernaut steam-engine, dying with agony . . . . .
Than fade like a daffodil crushed by a donkey's hoof.

4 Brown-fisted and sturdy, he was driving a plough smack through the umber mould that morning in April.
Reins round his neck, pushing on . . . . . thinking of Mary . . . . .
The grey-eyed girl living on the old homestead not far from the country-store up there at Concord.
He stopped . . . . . hearing the rushing tramp of a running horse powdering fiercely along the hard road.
The rider shouted out, still flying onwards—
Run on to Lexington! we're all up in arms; four men are killed by those d——d Britishers.

5 He left the old horse with the plowshare arrested half way in the sod . . . . . .
He ran to the house, taking down from the hooks over the great chimney the long-barreled duck-gun.
Slung the powder-horn over his back, and with a Kiss, given with a throbbing heart, burst from his old mother and home to fight like a man or die game and a hero.

6 Weak youth on the ottoman . . . . . that man was your grandfather.
I knew him well. See him now in my memory—
Sitting long summer days there by the doorway . . . . .
Tall, stalwart, and strong, robust, and hearty, red-checked, brown-fisted—but lame—lame, be it spoken
With great-hearted praise—for the cause of his country.

7 He fought through the whole of the war for Liberty . . . . . it was a very poor business.
Didn't pay five per cent. . . . . wretched investment.
Dry goods and groceries, stock-jobbing, and swindling.
Rum and provisions yield far nobler profits.
The wild hunt for the dollars gives far better amusement.
You may entitle this Wild-Hunt business. I call it amusement.
And I swear that your life is all wasted. . . . . .
The sunrise and sunset . . . . . the far-stretching landscape . . . . .
The mountains all purple and blue, the bright shining river. . . . . .
The wild song of birds in the woodland . . . . . .
The millions of things eternally lasting . . . . . eternally shown by the Great God to His children . . . . . .
You never have noticed.
This is the business of life.

8 For this giant land and its millions of natural beauties,
Les Enfans de Soixante-Seize walked up and were murdered.
I don't believe they maundered about dollars and dollars,
Dreaming of cotton, tobacco, molasses . . . . and these things;
They toed the mark, like George Washington—for honor . . . . . for principles . . . . . enough to eat and drink . . . . . and to die Free Men!

9 Let those who are in the Wild-Hunt go on with it
Death on the horse . . . . . phantom hounds yelping front of him.
From his skeleton jaws he is shouting . . . . Come on with us;
Business is brisk, and the dollar 's ahead of us.

10 I am bored with all this . . . . . I live on my farm.
Raise corn, wheat, potatoes, and garden truck . . . .
I owe no man a cent, and lay up store for a rainy day.
He who has meat, drink, strong clothes, and a house,
Let him praise God and the prophets . . . . . he is provided for.

11 Down on your knees, you shinners and shammers . . . . .
Cold, grey, and darkening rolls onward a storm-cloud.
In the faint morning light . . . . . the dead tramp of the Old Continentals.
Tattered drums muffled are beating the reveille—
Mouldy cocked-hats, worm-eaten small clothes, old rusty muskets, shot-guns, and long Queen Anne's arms they bear with them.
Onward they sweep——
Down on your knees, shinners and shammers . . . . you have no right to have legs, you cringers and time-servers.
Silence! . . . . . .

12 In the midst of all, lo, a shade.
Bold marked as a mountain the man . . . . . sent by mysterious Providence to guide us to Freedom.
Calmly those eyes mark the scoffers and malcontents . . . . .
Quietly note the loud brawlers who threaten Disunion.
Not a frown on that brow, not one shade of quick anger,
But from before those eyes as before daybreak . . . .
Wing off in the darkness these night-birds of prey!
Peace and repose are restored . . . . and the Union
Once again lives . . . . . remembering Washington.

13 My country . . . . . I have faith and belief in you.
Spite of mud-slingers and cheaters and liars . . . . .
Some day the old lamp will be burnished and lighted;
Some day we will love LES ENFANS DE SOIXANTE SEIZE!

[From the Philadelphia City Item.]

WALT WHITMAN.

BY HENRY P. LELAND.

If ever there was a period when poetry needed a Luther now is the time. The vine long unpruned has run itself to waste; graceful lines, spiral tendrils, flaunting leaves, but very little fruit. The reformer and the vine-dresser are at hand—do you think we will let him go on unmolested? Never; there will be a hard fight. We are attached to old abuses, we love the shadow of the vine, and smoke the pipe of peace under it, watching those exquisite twistings and turnings of branch and tendril. The fevered lips of the poor are parched—there are no grapes to cool their system. Ma foi, why don't they send to Malaga? We gain our living pointing out to each other the exquisite ground-and-lofty-tumblings of agile creepers, running here, there, everywhere. Hang your grapes!

Hang your reformers! They have sent the exquisite refinement and easy-flowing lines of the renaissance-period flying, they would revive a task for Nature;—teach us to walk instead of dancing the pas rococo of blessed Louis Quatorze;—revere and respect cocked-hats and small clothes of the Revolution, and neglect the tunic and toga. They would have us quit bragging about the exquisite beauty of Homer as we read it in the vernacular, and womdily vowing how impossible it is to read Quevredo, or Dante, Racine, or Goethe, in a translation; they would have us believe that their marrow has been long since collected and digested by those ignorant of everything save English, and that we are now crowing over a bag of bones! This is woful!

Here is a man—Walt Whitman—coming smack at our asthetical vine with a large knife—a bowie-knife. What is it best to do? Those old-world conquerors, the Romans, carried just such tools, and Americans of all nations now extant, are the only ones daring to wield such close-quarter reasons. Suppose we out rapiers, on guard, carte and tierce—now for the salute: by way of compliment let us ask him to thrust first at us; we drop our point by reversing the nails downward—with a circular motion; draw our right foot close behind our left, stretch both hams; raise our right arm, and with our left-hand take off our hat gracefully. The devil! The man has rushed by us—made one drop—and the vine is good for nothing—but grapes!

He has placed before us his poems. And what collective name has he given them? Something sounding—something like 'Songs of The Faineant,' 'Lays of other Lands,' 'Seaside Dreams,' or the 'Muse's Meanderings!' Not a bit of it; but plain 'Leaves of Grass'—something cows eat and milkmaids wipe their shoes on. Then he has entitled his poems 'Proto-Leaf,' 'Chants Democratic,' 'Enfans D'Adam,' 'Poem of Joys,' 'Messenger Leaves,' 'Calamus,' 'So Long,' etc., etc. And here we have his portrait—a head of Homer painted by Hans Hemling—a good deal of primitive grit toned down by Flemish caution. A face for open air and the woods and psalms of muscle.

He sings very little for the opera, but for oyster-men and clam-diggers, and Western hunters and raftsmen, and farmers and red-cheeked matrons, and omnibus-drivers and mechanics; and for all true Americans, he whistles like an oriole of a warm May morning. He sits down by you familiarly, but not 'famillioniarely,' and tells you of Rocky Mountains, primeval forests, Southern bayoux, Northern lakes, Western prairies, Eastern rock-bound sea-shores, far-stretching prairies, scenes of sunlight, and fresh blowing air. He is great on politics, and the duties we owe our country. He advocates cleanliness, fresh air, and exercise; he proves that because a man may be thrashed in a fight it is no reason that he was in the wrong. He is Consuelo for the poor man, the friendless, the outcast—he picks them up from the gutter and sets them up straight. If he has a dime in his pocket he evidently gives the poor devil ten cents of it. Certainly he is lacking in one of the chiefest of our attributes—making money. He tells you he is as good as you are, and that you are as good as he is—and evidently does not worry his great soul about trifles.

If you intend to sail in the same fleet with his clipper, you must first be careened over and scrape off the barnacles of old books, before you up sail for blue water.

He is the people's Poet, and spite of a belief that poetry only can be appreciated by the few, he goes in for giving it to the oi polloi. It's a fact that—

'When coarser souls are wrapped in sleep'—

we may out with a mandolin and sing to Leonores and Josephines—but we have to make it up next morning—and we do sleep sometimes; so the poetic element in uneducated people, as in the educated, sometimes and somewheres exist. Not a fierce revolution in this world's history but may be regarded as a grand psalm in the Book of Time, sung by the poets of deeds—the people.

This poet has a peculiarity. He calls a, tom-cat a tom-cat; therein we differ from him. It is a well received truth that in our day it is politic to look at a great many things as they are not. We crowd to see La Dame aux Camelias, to hear the Traviata, but we do not call the French girl, or her Francesca Italianizata sister, by their old Anglo-Saxon name. The farthingale and silkworm cover a multitude of sins, and elegant language many a vile, voluptuous thought. We may not be Spartans;—it seems the prayer of Whitman that we may not degenerate into Sybarites, and to prevent this he uses the crash-towel of bold words.

America must make her distinctive mark. Already over our Past falls the bridal-veil of Romance, swedding it to the Future, though its thin cloud, its exquisite beauty and loveliness seem more bewitching than when it was our Present. In the Revolution of 1776 lie undelivered the subjects for a thousand poems to which the Iliad of Homer will be but as a rushlight to a conflagration. To the glories of our Past and the beauty of our Present, Walt Whitman awakes us; rough, bold, and free, he bursts out in a roaring old song that might have cheered the Old Continentals bivouacked for battle. And the words will thrill many a heart even in our day, clad though the body may be in homespun, in far Western homes; grimmed though it may be by coal-dust and machinery, or wearing out life toiling away where brown earth, blue skies, pure air, green fields, and all God's gifts to man are driven ruthlessly aside that we may give more room for Mammon.

Before we condemn the book let us read it. Before we cry out 'Eccentricity!' let us investigate our own centre, and the teapot we are making such a tempest in. There are two thousand roses to a drachm of the otto, there are untold thousands of poems in this duodecimo; you are given ideas! Now attention! present arms! Fire Words!!

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

THE ADVENT OF THE MOSQUITO.

Again the gaunt mosquito comes,
That Brigand of the night!
With all his ..arving fancy,
To put my dreams to flight,
And try and settle his small bill,
And take a draft at sight!

I hear again the dreadful sound
That tells me who is near;
I hear him wind his horrid horn,
And whet his poisoned spear;
He sounds the battle-blast, and ah!
I feel that he is here!

I beat the air: I seem to wage
With friends an idle feud:
My hopes, like poor Ophelia's,
Are blasted in the bud;
I'm vanquished in a single round
And he attains 'first blood!'

In vain the rank cigar I smoke,
Quite wild and desperate grown;
I try in vain to drive him out,
And shut the window down:
For still I hear those tranquil pipes
Monotonously drone!

Like Cook among the Cannibals,
'Tis useless to appeal,
Or like a mummy wind myself
In sheets from head to heel,
The hungry wretch has picked me out
To make himself a meal!

His sucker, like a burglar's drill,
Would pierce an iron door!
He loves, as Alexander did,
To wade in human gore!
Like Everett he is always dry,
Like Cobb, a perfect bore!

But yet, his faults may not suffice
All merit to efface;
For sinner never yet was born
Without some spark of grace;
His failing is philanthropy:
He loves the Human Race!

He comes by night as angels do,
To chant his soothing hymn;
He hovereth o'er the baby's couch
Just like the cherubim:
By day, he wadeth in the swamp:
His legs are long and slim.

O bear me to some frozen waste
Where polar tempests blow!
On train-oil I will gaze unmoved,
Or Greenland's cliffs of snow,
And be content to pass my days
Among the Esquimaux!

H. S. Cornwell.

[From the New York Tribune.]

THE JAPANESE EMBASSY.

The Sorrows of Tommy.

Tommy, heretofore the most light-hearted and the merriest of all the gay-tempered Japanese, has come to grief. Once he sought always the excitements of the liveliest society; now he goes much alone, and pines steadily. The same sorrow which distracted Werter, and consumed Romeo, and prostrated Pyramus, has touched the susceptible heart of the youthful Japanese. He is at present the victim of a hopeless passion. In Washington he suffered love. The dazzling Venuses of Willard's marvelled at the cold indifference of their Oriental Adonis. But it was not indifference, it was a little girl dressed in blue, with very red cheeks, and very brown hair, that rendered him so persistently insensible to their devices. Where Tommy first encountered the fair young stranger, no person has discovered; but it is popularly believed that they met by chance, the usual way, or else that 'twas in a crowd, or something of that sort.

It is known, however, that the blue maiden used to walk daily upon Fourteenth street, before the apartment of Tommy, beaming at him through the window-panes, until, forsaking his studies, he would assail the guardian of the door with vehement entreaties for her admission, which for awhile he did not succeed in securing. At length, one day, collecting courage, he blushingly petitioned Capt. Porter on the subject, who yielded free consent to his demand. Then Tommy, radiant with delight, brought in his chosen charmer, presented her with imposing dignity to the best among his friends, and establishing himself by her side, marched proudly through the Japanese quarters quite an unnecessary number of times. Day after day these brief meetings were repeated, to Tommy's rarest satisfaction, notwithstanding the occasional derisions of some of his comrades. After a very little time, the sentiments of the juvenile twain were manifested in the interchanges of daguerreotypes, and kindred gifts, their affections growing all the while, until like the red rose and the briar from the breast of Lady Nancy and Lord Lovel, "they couldn't grow any higher."

In the midst of this happiness came the crushing intelligence, all thought of which Tommy had tried to evade, that preparations for leave-taking must be made. From that moment sadness overcame him. During the last two days he was seldom seen to smile. Excepting to the most favored of his associates, he never told the real depth of his love, but let concealment, like a bug in a rug, prey on. He struggled to retain his self-control, and thoroughly succeeded, until the morning fixed for starting, when he at last broke down, and went about lamenting aloud. As he rode away from Willard's, the sight of the little maid in blue, standing upon the sidewalk and tearfully bewailing the departure of all the Japanese, and especially of her young man, only seventeen years old, completed his grief, and hiding his face in the fullness of his sleeve, he began to cry bitterly, and utterly refused to be comforted.

On the way from Washington to Baltimore, he gathered fragmentary consolation by gazing upon his cherished picture; but, from time to time, his feelings proved too much for him, and he gave himself up to mourning. The jests of his Japanese friends, which beset him from all sides, did not awe him one particle from the career of his humor. In Baltimore he essayed to regain composure, and even rushed into many excitements, in the hope of securing temporary respite from his woes. He converted himself at one time into a fireman, and endeavored to draw from a huge hose-pipe placed in his hands, the waters of oblivion. I do not think he succeeded; for, while riding up to Philadelphia, the next day, he told me quite pathetically, 'I think always of my good little Washington friend—my dear—my sweetheart.'

Whether Tommy's case is without hope, no one can now decide. He asks mysteriously about the chances of conveying away some friends with him to Japan, and the world may yet be startled by the announcement of the unexpected elopement of a young Washinton damsel, aged fifteen, dressed in blue, and much given to romance. Perhaps, however, Tommy's heart may be the mirror that some say it is; and that the next bright face that falls upon it may be as clearly reflected there as that whose memory now lingers by him.

E. H. House.

Philadelphia, June 11, 1860.

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

MY SISTER BELLE.

BY LIZZIE CAMPBELL.

You never saw my sister Belle!

Ah! then how am I to tell you what she was like? And yet she wasn't beautiful; pretty, very pretty she was, and more than that, she was lovely. Every one loved her—how could they help it? We all love the blue sky, the golden sunlight, the pure lily of the valley, the pink heather-bell, and Belle, charming Belle, was all of these. Her dear eyes the blue of the sky, her fair hair the golden sunlight, her snow-white skin the lily-leaf, her pink cheeks the heather-bell, and her darling dimpled mouth the ripest, rubiest, dewiest strawberry cut in twain, with the white teeth for seeds showing between.

From that you think perhaps that she was beautiful, though I have said she wasn't; nor was she.

Her nose was small and retrousse, and I do not think that a beauty, though some people do. And her brow was high, too high for her small features; her eyebrows not clearly defined, being too light; and the contour of her face, instead of oval, almost round, though the breadth of the forehead and chin made it, when her countenance was turned full toward you, look in a slight degree square; but that did not prevent her being exceedingly pretty, for how could any one with such eyes, complexion, hair, mouth, and teeth, be otherwise?

Her form was perfect, the most perfect I ever saw, though she was quite small, only about five feet in height; but from the crown of the exquisitely-poised head to the sole of the tiny white foot with high instep,—under which a streamlet of water might have flowed easily without touching it,—my sister Belle's form, with the one exception of height, might have been taken for the Goddess of Beauty incarnate. I think I said every one loved her. I was wrong—one woman did not; but of all who loved her none, no, not one, enshrined her in their heart of hearts as did I, her sister, for to me she was the brightness and beauty of life—the only good thing left to me in this world.

When I was thirteen my father died, but my mother and three brothers and two sisters were still left to me, and I was very happy for three years, for I never cared for any one else save those of my own family. I was quite content to lavish my whole heart upon them; and I did so, as one by one they died away, concentrating all my love and bestowing it upon those who were still left, till when I was eighteen years of age I was left with only Belle, the youngest, the favorite, the pet. First after my father, followed my eldest brother, then my youngest, then the last of them. Next my sister Flora, seven years younger than myself, and last of all my mother, my own, my darling mother!

O how gladly, how joyfully I would have laid down beside her, and breathed away the last of my life by that best and gentlest of human beings, but for the link that stood beside me still binding me with her innocent blue eyes to earth!

Mamma! mamma! if we could have both, Belle and I, laid down beside you there and died, would it not have been better? I cannot bear to listen for the answer; it drives me mad to think of it! Why, oh why, are we doomed to suffer so? Father, mother, brothers, sisters, can it be that I will never again see any of you? Am I forever shut out from that Heaven that I have always pictured to myself so bright and glorious, so beautiful and happy?

I cannot, I will not think so! God is too merciful—Jesus is too tender and pitying to deny me that peace and joy hereafter that I have never felt here. . . .

It was but 'a life for a life,'—it was but 'blood for blood.' O God! my brain whirls! I am going mad! What means these incoherent ravings? I have a story to tell. Let me tell it, then die, for when finished my last work on earth is done.

My mother's last-spoken words, whispered in my ear by the already stiffening lips, were:

"Take care of Belle, Lizzie. Let her be as your own child—be to her a mother as well as sister. My little darling Belle, my poor Lizzie, God bless you."

I listened, O how eagerly I listened for the next words! With that keen, agonizing intentness—did you ever experience it?—that draws the hearing, as though compressing some tangible thing into a space twice too small for it; and then as the strained sense gave a sort of snap that sounded in my ear with a numb booming sound, I raised my head, I looked in my mother's face and saw that there was no next words to hear, for she was dead. I didn't cry out, or faint.

I remember distinctly that I stooped down and took Belle up in my arms, for though six years of age she was light and small as a child of three, and tried to hush her passionate sobbing, for she had seen death too often not to recognize the grim visitant when he came again. I can feel the clasp of her round velvety arms about my neck at this moment, I can feel the convulsive throbs of her heart, I can hear the choking sobs that burst from her chest and throat, and even the faint breathing, occasionally broken by the deep half-sigh, half-moan, of a child that had wept itself asleep, when, at last, she slumbered; yes, I hear it now as I did then, though it is thirty-five years ago this night.

Still sleeping in my arms, her head resting on my shoulder, I carried Belle with me, while I went out to a neighboring house, and requested one of the young men to go to the Undertaker's and order my mother's—

No! no! I cannot! Indeed I cannot go over all the details of the funeral. On the third day, mamma was buried away from our sight, and sitting alone, with Belle in my arms, I looked out of the window with eyes in which glittered not one single tear, at the monotonous, drizzling rain, drearily, drearily watching it till nightfall, and then turning away from the darkness without, to fancy from every corner of the gloom within, that I saw the ghosts of the loved and gone before; and I wonder now, when I cannot bear even the remembrance, how the terrible reality, ever before me for days and weeks and months then, did not upset my reason, and leave me in insanity, forgetful of it all. I wonder how this was, but I have not far to look for the solution. I had Belle then; I have no Belle now.

I have not told you how poor we were, my little sister and I. Poor!—that is a calm word for it; we were paupers! We had no property. We had lived upon the earnings of my brothers while they lived; and until my mother's death, upon my very small salary as junior-teacher of one of the city schools; but at the crisis of her illness I had been obliged to remain at home, and so lost my situation.

When at length I awoke to life again—for except my care of Belle, I had been like one dead while alive, for many weeks after that last bereavement—it was to the knowledge that we were poverty's children; that poverty, the keenest and bitterest, was our nearest relative, and that we owed even our life to the few neighbors who had kept us from starvation.

It is supposed that those who have felt poverty the most severely can the best describe it; it is not so.

I felt it too crushingly, too intensely, to give any idea of it; I was too completely overwhelmed to say distinctly what it was.

Let me pass over the next two months. It was not chaos, not quite, because through all the darkness was one shining light, one star in the East, that at length brightened the whole horizon, resolved itself into a sun, and shed life, and heat, and light round about me once more. I need not say that the sun-star was Belle, my sister.

At the end of those two months, the junior-teacher who during my absence had taken my situation, was obliged for some reason to resign, and I was successful in my application to be reinstated. Thus I 'took up the burthen of life again,' very thankful that I had such opportunity to do so; for I had a sacred duty to perform, and Heaven bear me witness, my mother, I tried faithfully to perform it!

From junior-teacher I rose to the second grade; from that to senior, and with a salary that amply supplied all the wants of myself and my sister, I wished for nothing more,—yet not wishing for it, I got it.

An uncle who had been for many years supposed to be dead, suddenly turned up, and claimed Belle and me as his nieces. He was rich! He took a handsome house in a pleasant part of the city; took Belle and myself there with him; and when he died, two years later, left us two heiresses of his wealth, in such a manner that I—being of age, and some years beyond it—came into immediate possession of my fortune, while Belle became in a measure the ward of the principal executor, Augustus Hamilton, Esq. At this time I was twenty-five, my sister thirteen.

We still continued to live in the house that had been my uncle's—retaining the same domestics, and living very much as we had done for the past two years, missing only my uncle's cheerful voice and happy face.

Mr. Hamilton had called twice; the first time upon some business connected with the Will, and shortly after Uncle George's death, when some law forms were gone through with, that—though I had some little to do with them, in affixing my signature occasionally—I understood very little about. The second time that he visited us was nearly three years later; and then he declared that my sister was a "pretty child, a very pretty and interesting child," for which I thanked him, and said I had always thought so, as I believed every one else had.

He laughed pleasantly, and asked me if I had ever thought of sending her to school, to which I replied, a little indignantly, "I hope you don't imagine that I have neglected my sister's education, sir!"

"Not at all, my dear young lady; but whatever may be the advantages she has received from private tuition, I decidedly advise your sending her for a year or two to some seminary."

"No, no," I burst forth impetuously, "I could not endure the separation. She is all I have in the world, and seems more like my own child than my sister. I will not consent to her going away."

"Nonsense, nonsense! I had thought you more capable of self-denial, for a short time; especially when for the interest of your sister, whom you profess to love so much."

"Profess, sir!"

"I beg your pardon, I hardly meant that. Of course I know that you really love Miss Belle, but you must not let any selfishness upon your part make me doubt the sincerity of your attachment to her."

This last was said with a good-humored smile, meant to disarm my anger if I was likely to experience any at the words themselves; so it ended by taking Belle from me, and the only comfort I had was that my darling felt the separation as much as I did. Don't misunderstand me—I mean by that that I knew she was attached to me as much as I was to her; but why should I doubt that? Forgive me, Belle, that for one instant I did.

Nothing of any moment occurred during that year of absence, except the quarterly visits home at the vacations that agreeably broke up its dreariness and shortened the time.

When Belle at length came home for good, wanting but a few months of seventeen, she was, as I have already described her, and oh! how I loved to look upon her!

I had never had a lover in my life; Belle was the only lover, the only object of affection I wanted, and I confess I felt a twinge of jealousy when she so enthusiastically spoke of a friend she had made at school; but she soon laughed me out of the fancy, and as she kissed me said,

"Fie, Lizzie! jealous, and of a girl; just as if I ever could love any one so well as you, you dear, good, best sister in the world. I never can care one-third as much for any one else.

A few days after Belle's return, Mr. Hamilton called; his son accompanied him, and for the first time was introduced to Belle and myself. Ernest Hamilton was a handsome young man, rather above the medium height, with a fine broad forehead, white as my sister's; very dark brown eyes, what people who forget that such a thing never was, call black eyes: they were very bright, very clear, and their brilliant light flashed through the inky lashes like stars through a dark cloud; the nose was slightly aquiline; the mouth firm set, with just sufficient softness, when the lips unclosed to speak or smile, to invest it with a very attractive beauty. He wore neither beard nor moustache, and perhaps that aided in giving the contour of the face a Grecian cast. His hair, worn rather long, was quite black, with a slight tendency to curl, and wonderfully fine like the most minute threads of floss-silk. I know this from at a later day seeing one of the wavy curls in my sister's possession, and viewing it nearly I observed its extreme fineness. His figure was good. I have said he was tall, he was also broad-chested, rather small-waisted, and with admirably-proportioned limbs.

Precisely as I have described him, I saw him that day when I beheld him for the first time, and saw him ever after the same.

Not so, Belle. She declared enthusiastically that he was the most fascinating, and by far the handsomest man she had ever seen in her life; and when I laughed at her, and said that he might be all of that easily, as she had never known more than four men, she went further, and said she did not believe that she ever would see one handsomer or more charming, for in Ernest Hamilton there was no room for one single improvement.

Even then I did not suspect how it was to be.

Though I had experienced a momentary feeling of jealousy when she told me of her friend, Marian Hollin, I was not similarly affected when she spoke of young Hamilton.

She loved me, I knew, therefore I knew it was possible that she could have affection for another woman; but because she had no brother, no cousin, no male friend, the certainty of her one day loving some one not of her own sex, did not present itself to me.

The very love that would have made me blind as Argus-eyed completely blinded me, though I felt easily that she could like, and even love girls like herself, and though I was disposed to be jealous even of that, I could not take in the possibility that a man would usurp my place in her heart, that I, for years the first there, would be turned out to give place to another more welcome, and that from that time I must sink down into a second grade; my mind would not take in this—it was too great, too overwhelming.

Mr. Hamilton came very often now—so did his son.

I thought it neither strange nor remarkable. I did not even wonder when the elder Hamilton's visits became rarer till they dropped almost entirely away, and his son's more frequent till they became of daily occurrence.

This went on for weeks, and months. Once, twice, a glimmering of what all this was leading to, shot across me with sudden light, but it was so quick that I could only compare it to the lightning-flash, and, brief though it was, it scathed and burned me as if it had been lightning indeed; so I shut my eyes more closely against it, unwilling to bear its sharp pain.

This could not continue always. No! I knew that. I had faint glimmerings that I must bear the whole crushing weight of the blow, strenuously and almost weakly as I strove to avoid it. Had I accepted the warnings I here mentioned; had I taught myself to expect it, it might have fallen lighter, but as it was, I felt the full weight crushingly, and Belle, dear little Belle herself, dealt the blow.

It was in the evening, before the lamps were lighted in the parlor, and while yet the shadowy twilight that I loved was filling the room. I had been ill with a headache the greater part of the afternoon, and had been for some hours in my own room. Earnest Hamilton had called, and found Belle alone in the parlor, and had left her but a short time before I entered and found her sitting on an ottoman, the twilight wrapping them in its grey veil.

When I seated myself close beside her, she didn't stir at first; she didn't look up, though she knew I was present, but after some minutes she came over and stood beside me. She asked with more than her usual gentleness, if my headache was better. She put one round, white arm about my neck, while with the other little hand she smoothed my hair back from my temples; laid her cool fingers upon my burning brow, and caressed my face. Again and again she bent over me till her golden curls fell in a shower over my face, pressing her lips to my hair, my forehead, my cheek, and occasionally to my hand.

She ceased that, and stood beside me very quietly, so that I could hear her breathe more gently between her parted lips, and when I rose to ring for lights she playfully forced me back into my seat again, took away her clinging arm from my neck, and sank down beside me, sitting on the carpet at my feet, and resting her head against my knee half-buried in the folds of my dress. It was not any dim foreboding that I had then. I felt with the suddenness of a thunder-clap that I was about to hear all that I had so pertinaciously closed my ears and eyes against; she only waited for me to make a remark, to ask a question, anything to make her speak, that she might open her mind and heart to my gaze; but I was careful not to unclose my lips, I had not the courage to stretch out my own hand for the dagger that was to enter my own heart.

At last she said,

"Ernest—Mr. Hamilton—young Mr. Hamilton, I mean—was here this afternoon."

"Was he?"

"Yes; he went away about half an hour before you came in."

"Did he?"

"Yes, I said so."

A silence of three minutes, which was broken by her little hand in childish petulance coming against mine, and her voice saying,

"Pshaw, Lizzie! can't you say something—can't you ask something?"

"I have nothing to say, Belle."

"But I have."

"Have you?"

"Have I? What does ail you any way? One might suppose you were a speaking automaton, if ever there was such a thing, and were limited to two words in every sentence. 'Was he?' 'Did he?' 'Have you?'"

I made no reply. I don't know why—I suppose because I couldn't.

She went on,

"Well, if you won't ask me, I must tell you. You see, Lizzie, darling." And then with much hesitation, and her own pretty grace, in a great many words, she told me that Ernest Hamilton loved her very much, that she loved him very much, and they only wanted my consent to be married, because Mr. Hamilton's was already given; and when she had concluded, because I did not answer on the instant, she hid her face in the folds of my dress again, though the twilight had deepened into dusk, and I could hardly see her; she cried a little, too, I think.

It was minutes before I made any reply.

I verily believe that what I suffered then was a keener, more poignant agony, than the anguish that had wrung my heart when, looking down into my mother's face eleven years before, I saw that she was dead! It was not that she loved me less, it was not that I was less dear to her than before, I know that was not the case, but that she loved another more than she had ever loved me. That was the sharpest, sorest wound—it seemed to have caught my very breath, and held it between my lungs and my throat, so that I felt suffocating.

What is it you say? That I was weak and foolish and selfish? I laugh at your silly words!

Have you been left alone in this great wide chill world, without one thing to love,—for every human heart must have something to love,—and when you have watched it, tended it, cherished it till it has become not only a part of your life, but your very being, have you seen a thief come in to your sheepfold and steal away your little love-lamb? Have you—have you felt this, seen this?

If you have, then you won't say I was weak, or foolish, or selfish; but if you have not, what can you know of my suffering? How dare you apply a word of contempt, of reproval, toward me? Yet do so and you will—I tell you again I can laugh at such words.

When I sat still, hushed, breathless, after listening to Belle, I cannot picture the feeling that overpowered me by calling it jealousy. That is too weak, too puny, almost base, a term to apply to it. Rather let me say it was a keen torture, an excruciating agony, a most exquisite anguish, so great that when the first few moments passed, when my breath came hard and laboringly through my lips, it burst forth in a groan, and Belle jumped up in alarm, and asked if I was ill.

For answer I caught her in my arms, I strained her passionately to my heart, and kissed her repeatedly.

She exclaimed joyously,

"Then you are not angry, Lizzie—you don't forbid me to love Ernest."

I couldn't bear to hear her speak of him as Ernest yet; I hurriedly told her I was not angry, that I would never forbid her happiness, or something like that, and as well and as quietly as I could, spoke to

[CONCLUDED ON THE FOURTH PAGE

The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending June 16, 1860.

[illegible] reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the pile of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his [illegible] SATURDAY PRESS, does most wisely by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in comely type, is a very valuable notice.—HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

RELIGIOUS.

Morning Hours in Patmos. The Opening Vision of the Apocalypse and Christ's Epistles to the Seven Churches of Asia. By Rev. A. C. Thompson, author of The Better Land, Gathered Lilies, etc. With Frontispiece. 12mo, cloth, $1. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

The Year of Grace: a History of the Revival in Ireland in 1859. By Rev. William Gibson, Professor of Christian Ethics in Queen's College, Belfast, and Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. With an Introduction by Rev. Baron Stow, D.D. 12mo, cloth, $1 25. (Ready next Thursday.) Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

[illegible] Parker. The Good and the Evil in his Opinions and Influence. A Discourse by Rev. William Fairfield Warren. Boston: [illegible], Nichols, Lee & Co.

A Commentary, Critical, Expository, and Practical, on the Gospel of John. For the Use of Ministers, Theological Students, Private Christians, Bible Classes, and Sabbath Schools. By John J. Owen, D.D., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in the Free Academy, New York. 12mo. pp. 516. $1. New York: Leavitt & Allen.

The American Ecclesiastical Year Book, containing—I. The Present Religious Statistics of the World. II. A Brief Religious History of all Denominations in all Countries during the past year. [illegible] Religious Statistics and History for 1859. By Alexander J. [illegible], Professor of Hebrew and Modern Languages in Dickinson College. 12mo. pp. 236. $1. New York: H. Dayton.

[illegible] of the Old Genesee Conference from [illegible] the first Forty Years of Wesleyan Evangelism in [illegible] Central and Western New York and Canada, [illegible] Sketches of Interesting Localities, Exciting [illegible] Prominent Actors. 12mo. pp. 512. $1. New [illegible] & Porter.

[illegible] Treaty addressed to Henry Ward Beecher [illegible]. 12mo. pp. 137. 50 cents. New York: [illegible]

[illegible] Being an Investigation of True and Fabulous [illegible]. By Thomas Paine, Mover of the Declaration of Independence, Secretary of Foreign Affairs under the first American [illegible], Member of the National Convention of France, and [illegible] Common Sense, The Crisis, Rights of Man, etc., etc. 12mo. pp. 152. New York: Calvin Blanchard.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

The [illegible] Edition of the Lives of Bell and Everett. 1 vol. 12mo. Paper covers, with Portrait, 25 cents. Uniform with The Wigwam Edition of the lives of Lincoln and Hamlin. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

HISTORICAL.

A [illegible] History of the First Three Centuries, from the Thirtieth to the Three Hundred and Twenty-third Year of the Christian Era. [illegible] Milo Mahan, D.D., St. Mark's in-the-Bowery, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the General Theological Seminary, New York. 12mo. pp. 428. $1 50. New York: Daniel Dana, jr.

Abridgement of the Debates of Congress from 1789 to 1856, from Gales and Seaton's Annals of Congress, from their Register of Debates, and from the official Reported Debates, by John C. Rives. By the author of The Thirty Years' View. Volume XIV. 8vo. pp. 747. $3. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

LEGAL.

The Law of Contracts. By Theophilus Parsons, LL.D., Dane Professor of Law in Harvard University. 2 vols. 8vo. $11. (Fourth Edition.) Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

FICTION.

Sea Waif; or, The Terror of the Coast, a Tale of Privateering in 1776. By Ned Buntline. Illustrated by Darley. 25 cents. New York: F. A. Brady.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Trow's New York City Directory. Compiled by H. Wilson. Volume LXXIV. For the Year ending May 1, 1861. 8vo. pp. 946. New York: John F. Trow.

Tariff or Rates of Duties payable on Goods, Wares, and Merchandise, imported into the United States of America, from and after the First day of July, 1857, in conformity with the Act of Congress, approved March 3, 1857. Also containing all the recent Circulars, with Decisions of the Treasury Department relating to Commerce and Revenue, Tables of Foreign Weights and Measures, Currencies, etc., reduced to the United States Standard. Arranged by E. D. Ogden, entry clerk, Custom House. 8vo. pp. 189. $1 50. New York: W. H. Arthur & Co.

ENGLISH.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Memoir of the Life of the late Ary Scheffer. By Mrs. Grote. 8vo, with portrait. 8s. 6d. London: John Murray.

Memoirs of the Life and Times of Robert Nelson, author of the Companion to the Festivals and Fasts of the Church. By the Rev. C. F. Secretan, M.A., Incumbent of Holy Trinity, Westminster. 8vo, with Portrait. 10s. 6d. London: John Murray.

HISTORICAL.

The Secret History of Events during the French Invasion of Russia, and Retreat of the French Army, in 1812. By General Sir Robert Wilson, K.M.T., British Commissioner at Headquarters of the Russian Army. 8vo, with plans. 15s. London: John Murray.

The History of Herodotus. A new English version, from the text of Gaisford. Edited, with copious Notes and Essays, Historical and Ethnographical. By Rev. George Rawlinson, M.A., assisted by Sir Henry Rawlinson, K.C.B., and Sir J. G. Wilkinson, F.R.S. Volume IV. (concluding the work). London: John Murray.

FICTION.

Only a Woman. By Capt. L. Wraxall. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

The First Born; or, a Mother's Trials. By the author of My Lady. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Artist and Craftsman. 8vo. 10s. 6d. London: Macmillan & Co.

Under a Cloud. By Frederick and James Greenwood. 3 vols. London: Charles J. Skeet.

POETRY.

Old Fashioned Wit and Humor; in verse. By William Jackson, many years Secretary to Lord Cochrane, Earl of Dundonald, G.C.B. 2s. 6d. London: James Blackwood.

The Queen's Pardon. By Mary Eyre. 7s. 6d. London: James Blackwood.

TRAVELS, ETC.

Hunting in the Himalaya. With Notices of Customs and Countries from the Elephant Haunts of the Dehra Doon, to the Bunchowa Tracks in Eternal Snow. By R. H. W. Dunlop, B.C.S., F.R.G.S., author of Service and Adventure with the Khakee Ressalah. 8vo, with illustrations by Wolf. London: Richard Bentley.

The Glaciers of the Alps. Being a Narrative of various Excursions among them, and an Account of Three Years' Observations and Experiments on their Motion, Structure, and General Phenomena. By John Tyndall, F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution of Great Britain. London: John Murray.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Camp Life. By Lascelles Wraxall, author of The Armies of Europe. 10s. 6d. London: C. J. Skeet.

The May Exhibition: a Guide to Pictures in the Royal Academy. With a Notice of Mr. Holman Hunt's Picture at the German Gallery. By Walter Thornbury, author of Art and Nature at Home and Abroad. London: James S. Virtue.

Strictures on Mr. N. E. S. A. Hamilton's Inquiry into the Genuineness of the MS. Corrections in Mr. J. Payne Collier's Annotated Shakspeare, 1632. By Scrutator. 1s. London: J. Russell Smith.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

HISTORICAL.

A Smaller History of Greece. From the Earliest Times to the Roman Conquest. By William Smith, LL.D. Illustrated by Engravings on Wood. 12mo. pp. 248. New York: Harper & Brothers.

FICTION.

The Three Clerks. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope, author of The West Indies and the Spanish Main, Doctor Thorne, The Bertrams, Castle Richmond, etc. 12mo. pp. 497. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Little Beauty. By Mrs. Grey, author of the Gambler's Wife, Cousin Harry, etc. 12mo. pp. 626. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. An Historical Romance of the Sixteenth Century. By George W. M. Reynolds. 8vo. pp. 192. 50 cents. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

MEDICAL.

A Complete Treatise on Water, as a Preservative of Health and a Remedy in Disease, and also including cold, sea, warm, hot, vapor, gas, and mud baths, and the use of water generally. By John Bell, M.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, etc., etc. In one volume. $1 25. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Letters of Hannah More to Zachary Macaulay, Esq. Containing Notices of Lord Macaulay's Youth. Now first published. Edited and arranged by Arthur Roberts, M.A., Rector of Woodrising, Norfolk. 16mo. pp. 215. 75 cents. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

The Physiology of Common Life. By George Henry Lewes. Illustrated with Engravings. 2 vols. 12mo. $2. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

MASON BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Life in the Desert; or, Recollections of Travel in Asia and Africa. From the French of Colonel L. Du Couret. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 502. Cloth, $1 25. [Ready July 7th.]

The People's Tune Book. By Lowell Mason, Musical Doctor. A volume of about 300 pages, usual music 8vo size, with large clear types, one part on a staff. It will contain all the Music of the Sabbath Hymn and Tune Books, with very full Elements of Vocal Music, and a great amount of Exercises, Glees, Part Songs, etc. 75 cents.

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The Italian Alp Bee; or, the Gold Mine of Husbandry. Short and Practical Instructions to Breed genuine prolific Italian Queens, to Multiply them by hundreds in a few months, and how to change German Hives into Italian. By H. C. Hermann, Tamins, Switzerland. Paper covers. 25 cents.

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The Works of Thomas Paine, in two volumes, 12mo. $2.

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Codex Alexandrinus. Novum Testamentum Græce, et Antiquissimo Codice Alexandrino. (Uniform with the Codex Vaticanus.) Price to Subscribers, $3; to Non-Subscribers, $3 60.

A. B. BURDICK, NEW YORK.

Fry's Republican Text Book. For the Campaign of 1860. By Wm. Henry Fry, Esq., of 'The N. Y. Tribune.' 25 cents.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, BOSTON.

The Sandhills of Jutland. By Hans Christian Andersen. Author of The Improvisatore.

GOULD & LINCOLN, BOSTON.

The Pilgrim's Progress, from this world to that which is to come. By John Bunyan. New edition, with forty elegant Illustrations, drawn by John Gilbert, and engraved by W. H. Whymper. Small Quarto. Tinted paper. In various styles of binding. [Nearly ready.]

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THAYER & ELDRIDGE, BOSTON.

The Great Speech of Hon. Charles Sumner, on the Barbarism of Slavery, in the United States Senate, June 4th. With an Appendix containing the Remarks of Mr. Chestnut of South Carolina, and the Rejoinder of Mr. Sumner. Also a Letter from Hon. Josiah Quincy, sen., to Mr. Sumner. 8vo, pamphlet. pp. 100.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the week ending Saturday, June 16, 1860.

Trow's New York City Directory. Compiled by H. Wilson. Volume LXXIV. For the Year ending May 1, 1861. 8vo. pp. 946. New York: John F. Trow. 1860.

The Rebel and the Rover. By Harry Hazel, author of The Flying Artillerist, The Flying Yankee, Sylvia Seabury, Yankee Jack, Harry Tempest, etc., etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1860.

The Little Beauty. By Mrs. Grey, author of The Gambler's Wife, Cousin Harry, etc. 12mo. pp. 626. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1860.

A Smaller History of Greece, from the Earliest Times to the Roman Conquest. By William Smith, LL.D. Illustrated by Engravings on Wood. 12mo. pp. 248. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

The Three Clerks. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope, author of The West Indies and the Spanish Main, Doctor Thorne, The Bertrams, Castle Richmond. 12mo. pp. 497. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent. By George Bancroft. 8vo. pp. 475. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Philosophy of Common Life. By George Henry Lewes. Volume II. 12mo. pp. 410. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860.

The Age of Reason. Being an Investigation of True and Fabulous Theology. By Thomas Paine, author of Common Sense, The Crisis, Rights of Man, etc. New edition. 12mo. pp. 152. New York: Calvin Blanchard. 1860.

Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. An Historical Romance of the Sixteenth Century. By George W. M. Reynolds. 8vo. pp. 192. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1860.

Morning Hours in Patmos, the opening Vision of The Apocalypse, and Christ's Epistles to the Seven Churches of Asia. By A. C. Thompson. pp. 268. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New York: Sheldon & Co. Cincinnati: George S. Blanchard. 1860.

Contents of Magazines.

Harper's Monthly for July contains: Among the Nail-Makers, written and illustrated by J. R. Chapin; Before the Mirror, by Mrs. R. H. Stoddard; Ancient Monuments in the United States—No. III.—by E. G. Squier—illustrated; A Plea for a Monster, by Chas. Nordhoff, illustrated; The Cruise of the Two Deacons, in eight chapters, by Fitz Hugh Ludlow—Chaps. I., II., and III.; Sentimentalism, by Henry Giles; A Voice from the Street, by L. X. Barge; A Letter, and What Came of it, by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton; Wild Cattle Hunting on Green Island, by Charles Hallock; A Tale of the Connecticut Colony, by Jane D. Fuller; Slightly Deaf, by W. W. Sikes; The Merchant's Lesson, by T. S. Arthur; When I Came Back from Sea, by Fitz James O'Brien; Lovel the Widower, by W. M. Thackeray, concluded—illustrated; Found in an Apron Pocket, by Louisa Palmer; Monthly Record of Current Events; Literary Notices; Editor's Table; Editor's Easy Chair; Our Foreign Bureau; Editor's Drawer; A Few Cuts by a Sharp Man, illustrated; Lines of Beauty, illustrated; Fashions for July, illustrated.

The Atlantic Monthly for July contains: Meteorology, by D. W. Hoogland, New York; Treasure-Trove, by Leonard W. Case, Jr.; A Legend of Maryland, by John P. Kennedy; Hunting a Pass, by E. G. Squier; The Cattle to the Poet; More Words About Shelley, by Wm. Dowe; Clarian's Picture, by Edward Spencer; Spring; Rufus Choate, by Horatio Woodman; The Regicide Colonels in New England, by John G. Palfrey; To the Cat Bird; The Professor's Story; Galleries of Art, by James Jackson Jarves, Florence, Italy; Darwin on the Origin of Species, by Prof. A. Gray; Vanity, by Aubrey de Vere, London; Reviews and Literary Notices.

Fraser's Magazine for June contains: Physical Theories of the Phenomena of Life, by Wm. Hopkins, F.R.S.—Part I.; A Reverie after reading Miss Nightingale's "Notes on Nursing;" Gryll Grange, by the author of "Headlong Hall,"—Chapters XII. to XIV.; Suggestions for the Improvement of the Reading Department in the British Museum, by James Spedding; Self-Help; Concerning Growing Old, by A. K. H. B.; Wheat and Tares: a Tale—Part VI.; A Raid among the Rhymers, by Shirley; Difficulties of Political Prophecy; The Literary Suburb of the Eighteenth Century—Part V.; Life at Nice; The Rochdale Pioneers; The Exhibitions of 1860.

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine for June contains: The Chances of Invasion; Little Grand and the Marchioness, or Our Maltese Peerage—Part II.; He Speaks Not of the Old Times, by J. E. Carpenter; Nightingale Notes, by Sir Nathaniel; Filippo Strozzi; The Belles of the Island: a Colonial Sketch, by Mrs. Bushby; Ransackings in a Royal Writing-Desk; The Remains of William Caldwell Roscoe; Love-Smitten, by W. Charles Kent; The Protestant Church at Metz; East Lynne, by the author of "Ashley"—Part VI.; Prince Dolgoroukow's Russia; Burmah; The Dreamer of Gloucester; After the Ball, by Mrs. Alfred Munster; François Certain Canrobert, Marshal of France.

The Cornhill Magazine for June contains: London the Stronghold of England; Lovel the Widower (with an illustration),—Chap. VI., Cecilia's Successor; The Maiden's Lover; The Portent—II., The Omen Coming on; Studies in Animal Life—Chap. VI., Conclusion; Framley Parsonage—with an illustration—Chaps. XVI., XVII., and XVIII.; William Hogarth, Painter, Engraver, and Philosopher,—Essays on the Man, the Work, and the Time,—V. Between London and Sheerness; An Austrian Employé; Sir Self and Womankind, by Wm. Duthie; The Poor Man's Kitchen; Roundabout Papers—No. 4, On Some Late Great Victories.

Macmillan's Magazine for June contains: The Suffrage, considered in Reference to the Working Class and to the Professional Class, by the Rev. F. D. Maurice; Four Sonnets, by the Rev. Charles (Tennyson) Turner; Shelley in Pall Mall, by Richard Garnett; The Ramsgate Life-Boat: a Rescue; The Sleep of the Hyacinth: an Egyptian Poem, by the late Dr. George Wilson, of Edinburgh—concluded; Poet's Corner, or an English Writer's Tomb, by Charles Allston Collins; The Boundaries of Science: a Dialogue; Tom Brown at Oxford, by the author of "Tom Brown's School Days,"—Chaps. XIX., XX., XXI.; The Elder's Daughter; The Royal Academy; Sir Charles Trevelyan and Mr. Wilson, by J. M. Ludlow.

Bentley's Miscellany for June contains: Ovingdean Grange, a Tale of the South Downs, by W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq.—Part VIII. Charles the Second at Ovingdean Grange; Outremanche Correspondence—No. V.—Penny Wise and Pound Foolish; Marshal O'Donnell; Gurney, or Two Fortunes: a Tale of the Times, by Dudley Costello—Chaps. XXXIII. to XXXV.; Guy Villiers, or How the Major Shot his Tiger and Changed his Loves, by Ouida—in five chapters; A Lay of St. Stephen's; Hero and Valet, by Monkshood; Naples and the Neapolitans.

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Ocean Mail Steamer.—The European mail, by the steamship CITY OF BALTIMORE, for Liverpool, Saturday, June 16th, will close at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, JUNE 16, 1860.

LUCILE.

It is a good many years now since the late W. Shakspeare announced, in that graphic language which only the late W. Shakspeare could felicitously employ—that 'the course of true love never did run smooth.' Since that time, the massive and melancholy truth so announced has been reiterated by very many persons, and in very many forms. The late W. Shakspeare was right. The echoes are all authentic. It is a great pity about the course of true love. Certainly it don't run smooth. Perhaps it would not be an exaggeration to say that it generally runs very rough. Indeed we have quite good authority for the opinion that its climate partakes rather more of Eurus than Zephyr; that all its roses have thorns; that its flowers only bloom to wither, and that its hopes are only born to die. On the whole therefore, and in devout memory of Carrie Jane, we incline to think that the course of true love is exceedingly rough, a good deal out of repair, and not a very nice thing to do. And this we believe notwithstanding the consolatory assurances that reach us from various poetic persons to the effect that 'the heart that has truly loved never forgets;' that 'there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream;' and that, all things considered, ''tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.'

Mr. Owen Meredith's poem of 'Lucile' is another and the most recent expression of this sad and solemn truth. It is a narrative-poem, in two Parts, each Part containing six Cantos. Its story, though entirely conventional and commonplace, is quite interesting. Its scene is laid mostly in Germany and Switzerland. Its chief characters are Lucile Comtesse de Nevers, Matilda Darcy, Lord Alfred Vargrave, and Eugène Duke de Luvois. Its scope and purpose are by the recital and analysis of their loves and sorrows, to illustrate certain truths of human experience, and among them that to which we have already made respectful reference.

It appears in the opening of this poem, that at an early and refreshing period of their lives, Lord Alfred Vargrave and Lucile de Nevers began the course of true love together. For awhile there was smooth sailing; but very soon the course justified its reputation and became very rugged. The lovers parted. Ten years elapsed. At this point the poem opens. Lucile is still unwedded. Lord Alfred, on the contrary, still amorous and experimental, is promised in marriage to Miss Matilda Darcy. In this condition of things Lucile writes to Lord Alfred, desiring him straightway to return her old love-letters, and to bring them in person according to a compact made long before. The Comtesse is at Serchon. His lordship is at Bigorre, with his betrothed and his cousin John. On the receipt of Lucile's letter Lord Alfred is immediately put into a state of mind. As a natural consequence he takes advice, and the question is submitted to cousin John whether he shall go to Lucile or stay away. John, who appears as a man of the world and doesn't gush, assures him that Matilda will be jealous if he goes, that things are very well as they are, that it isn't important about the letters, and that he would do wisely to stop where he is. Of course Lord Alfred don't see it. Having already resolved to go, he listens with patience, and immediately goes. On the road he overtakes a stranger, also riding to Serchon, who talks of that place and its society, and extols the Comtesse de Nevers as 'the belle of all places,' and altogether a mysterious and magnificent creature. This stranger subsequently appears as Eugène Duke de Luvois, in love with the Comtesse. Arrived at Serchon Lord Alfred calls on Lucile. The scene of their interview is gracefully described:

"O'er the soft atmosphere of this temple of grace
Rested silence and perfume. No sound reached the place.
In the white curtains waver'd the delicate shade
Of the heaving acacias, through which the breeze play'd.
O'er the smooth wooden floor, polished dark as a glass,
Fragrant white Indian matting allowed you to pass.
In light olive-baskets, by window and door,
Some hung from the ceiling, some crowding the floor,
Rich wild flowers, plucked by Lucile from the hill,
Seem'd the room with their passionate presence to fill:
Blue aconite, hid in white roses, reposed,
The deep belladonna its vermeil disclosed,
And the frail saponaire, and the tender bluebell,
And the purple valerian,—each child of the fell
And the solitude flourished, fed fair from the source
Of waters the huntsman scarce heeds in his course,
Where the chamois and izard, with delicate hoof,
Pause or flit through the pinnacle silence aloof.

This white, little, fragrant apartment, 'tis true,
Seem'd unconsciously fashioned for some rendezvous;
But you felt, by the sense of its beauty reposed,
'Twas the shrine of a life chaste and calm. Half unclosed
In the light slept the flowers: all was pure and at rest;
All peaceful; all modest; all seem'd self-possess'd,
And aware of the silence. No vestige nor trace
Of a young woman's coquetry troubled the place;
Not a scarf, not a shawl; on the mantelpiece merely
A nosegay of flowers, all withered or nearly,
And a little white glove that was torn at the wrist."

In this agreeable boudoir Lucile and Alfred have a charming talk, partly about themselves and partly about the course of true love. Being presently interrupted by the arrival of the Duke de Luvois, his lordship takes leave of the lady and retires to floral delights in the garden. Here, ensconced in an arbor, he becomes the accidental and unwilling listener to a conversation between Lucile and the Duke,—who have in the meantime strolled out of the house,—in the course of which the Duke proposes marriage and Lucile desires time for deliberation. It is needless to say that by this time his lordship is the victim of a small conflagration of renewed love and jealousy. Accordingly, when the Duke has gone away and Lucile has returned to her dwelling, Lord Alfred presents himself to her in a state of extreme agitation, returns her letters, demands and receives his own, and retires with precipitation and a sigh. In the fourth Canto we find him travelling back to Bigorre. On the road he encounters and joins Lucile, in the midst of 'a gay cavalcade.' A violent storm arises. The company is dispersed. Alfred and Lucile are alone together. Improving the opportunity, his lordship tells over again the old story of love. The Comtesse listens; but desires time for reflection. He attends her to her châlet at Serchon, where they part. The first result is a letter of refusal from Lucile, reminding Lord Alfred that his hand and honor are pledged to another, wishing him joy with his young bride, and conveying the usual assurances of affectionate remembrance when far away. This letter is read by Lord Alfred on a bare and lonely heath, where he is presently accosted by the angry and jealous Duke de Luvois, who forces him into an altercation. In the midst of it a messenger from Lucile arrives with a letter for the Duke, summoning him to her at 'Saint Saviour.' Having benevolently shown this message to Lord Alfred, the Duke puts it in his bosom, goes away, and is presently seen by his rival, riding off through the forest towards the tryst-ing-place aforesaid. Wild with jealousy and grief his lordship walks in pursuit,—which pursuit, considering distance and the difference between horse and man, is an evident farce. In the sixth Canto is an analysis of the Duke's character, and an account of his interview with Lucile at Saint Saviour. In the course of their talk two facts become evident,—that she will not marry the Duke de Luvois, and that she loves Lord Alfred. Thereupon the Duke becomes furious and utters words of insult and menace. Thereupon Lucile leaves him in despair and also leaves the place. After a night of wild passion, spent in rushing about the forest, he rides back to Serchon. On the way he encounters Lord Alfred,—who also has passed the night in a state of mind and in the open air,—to whom by a false look and smile of triumph he conveys intelligence that Lucile has been conquered.

"And so he rode by,
And rode on, and rode gaily, and rode out of sight,
Leaving that look behind him to rankle and bite.
——And it bit and it rankled."

Lord Alfred rushes on to Saint Saviour, in hope to find the Comtesse. Failing in this, he returns to Serchon, sick and sore of heart. The Duke is there, gay and festive. Also Sir Ridley MacNab, a rich Puritan Scot, the uncle of Matilda Darcy, and thus, in expectancy, his lordship's relative. With him Lord Alfred rides back to Bigorre, where he straightway marries Matilda. Lucile retires to India, and so the first part of the drama is closed.

An indefinite period of time is now supposed to elapse. The next scene is at Ems, whither come Lord Vargrave and his wife, the Comtesse de Nevers, returned from the East, and the Duke de Luvois, from no where in particular. Lord Alfred and the Duke are friends. Lucile is the latest arrival, bringing dissension along with her. Lord Alfred immediately returns to the course of true love—but returns in vain. The Duke immediately undertakes the seduction of Matilda, by stimulating her jealousy of Lucile. In this design he is frustrated by the Comtesse, who is here presented in a very beautiful light, as saving from dishonor the man she loves; restoring peace and sunshine to his heart and home; cementing the love of husband and wife; and in every way making that sacrifice of which only the purest affection is capable, and which, whether in man or woman, is forever sublime and sacred. It next appears that by the fraud and flight of the pious Sir Ridley, Lord Alfred is ruined in fortune. Thereupon ensues the reconciliation of Alfred and Matilda, described toward the close of the fourth canto, in a scene which has everything that is beautiful in the delicate grace and tender pathos of pure and passionate love. But far more pathetic and powerful in the grandeur of its grief and passion is the scene immediately following, wherein for the last time the Duke de Luvois appears as the lover of Lucile, meeting her by chance at midnight, and, under its solemn sky, pouring out the story of his long agony and wasted life, receiving from her lips the consolation of forgiveness and sympathy, learning from her the sublime lesson of self-sacrifice, and being by her encouraged to the hope of a peaceful future and the effort for a nobler life.

These are the closing passages of this very beautiful scene. It is Lucile who is speaking.

"'I say not, indeed, we shall meet never more,
'For I know not. But meet, as we have met of yore,
'I know that we cannot. Perchance we may meet
'By the death-bed, the tomb, in the crowd, in the street,
'Or in solitude even, but never again
'Shall we meet from henceforth as we have met, Eugène.
'For we know not the way we are going, nor yet
'Where our two ways may meet, or may cross. Life hath set
'No landmarks before us. But this, this alone,
'I will promise: whatever your path, or my own,
'If, for once in the conflict before you, it chance
'That the Dragon prevail, and with cleft shield, and lance
'Lost or shatter'd, borne down by the stress of the war,
'You falter and hesitate, if from afar
'I, still watching (unknown to yourself, it may be)
'O'er the conflict to which I conjure you, should see
'That my presence could rescue, support you, or guide,
'In the hour of that need I shall be at your side,
'To warn, if you will, or incite, or control;
'And again, once again, we shall meet, soul to soul!'

The voice ceased.
He uplifted his eyes.
All alone
He stood on the bare edge of dawn. She was gone,
Like a star, when up bay after bay of the night,
Ripples in, wave on wave, the broad ocean of light.
And at once, in her place, was the Sunrise! It rose
In its sumptuous splendor and solemn repose,
The supreme revelation of light. Domes of gold,
Realms of rose, in the Orient! And breathless, and bold,
While the great gates of heaven roll'd back one by one,
The bright herald-angel stood stern in the sun!
Thrice holy Eospheros! Light's reign began
In the heaven, on the earth, in the heart of the man.
The dawn on the mountains! the dawn everywhere!
Light! silence! the fresh renovations of air!
O earth, and O ether! A butterfly breeze
Floated up, flutter'd down, and poised blithe on the trees,
Through the revelling woods, o'er the sharp rippled stream,
Up the vale slow uncoiling itself out of dream,
Around the brown meadows, adown the hill slope,
The spirits of morning were whispering '*Hope!*'"

The scene of the Sixth Canto is in the Crimea. Twenty-five years are supposed to have elapsed. It is the time of war. The actors in the closing scenes of the drama are, the Duke de Luvois, now a distinguished General in the French army; a young soldier, the son of Alfred and Matilda; and Lucile, no more known as the Comtesse de Nevers, but as the Sœur Seraphine, a poor Sister of Charity, a ministering angel of mercy to the wounded and suffering victims of war. One of these victims, watched and tended by the Sœur Seraphine, is the young English soldier, the child of Alfred and Matilda Vargrave. In a strange chance of fortune this young man loves and is beloved by the niece of the Duke de Luvois. It further appears that the Duke, having probably acquired the usual gain of wisdom by experience, is making the course of true love extremely rough for these young people. These facts are presently disclosed to the Sœur Seraphine, who immediately perceives that the suffering of her patient arises less from the wounds of battle than from the cruelty of the martial person aforesaid. Then ensues an interview between Lucile and Eugène, in which she rebukes his injustice, conquers his stern will, and persuades him to the magnanimity of consent. Thus the young lovers are made happy. Thus two lives of suffering and endurance are elevated by self-sacrifice into noble purity and serene peace. Thus the mission of Lucile is accomplished,—

"The mission of genius on earth! To uplift,
Purify, and confirm by its own gracious gift,
The world, in despite of the world's dull endeavor
To degrade, and drag down, and oppose it forever.
The mission of genius: to watch, and to wait,
To renew, to redeem, and to regenerate.
The mission of woman on earth! to give birth
To the mercy of Heaven descending on earth.
The mission of woman: permitted to bruise
The head of the serpent, and sweetly infuse,
Through the sorrow and sin of earth's register'd curse,
The blessing which mitigates all: born to nurse,
And to soothe, and to solace, to help, and to heal
The sick world that leans on her. This was Lucile."

In the spirit and teaching of all this we recognize the old and oft-repeated truths, that they only are largely wise who believe in 'human affection that hopes and endures and is patient;' that love can never be wasted, and though seemingly given in vain, is yet forever beautiful and forever sacred; that there is nothing higher and holier than the earnest purpose of a pure life; and that, however misjudged, derided, and scorned by the flippant tongues of the world, they only are the victors whose lives have been purified by the discipline of sorrow, and strengthened into sublimity by the self-sacrifice of immortal love.

— Lord Brougham, who is in his 82d year, was inaugurated Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh on the 18th of May, when he loftily eulogized Washington, and repeated substantially what he had previously said on the same inspiring theme. It seems hardly right for a man who repeats himself even once on such a theme as Washington, to ridicule Mr. Everett 'of the *Ledger*,' as Lord Brougham has done for repeating himself as often as he gets a chance to do so.

Bohemia.

Being an attempt to describe the location and extent of Bohemia, and the genius of its inhabitants.

I have called this sketch an attempt, because all the volumes that have ever been written in the world, or ever will be, are more or less connected with a history of Bohemia, and are more or less valuable only as they display the genius of its inhabitants.

It is the same with all the art the world has ever seen.

It is the same with all the culture that mankind has ever attained.

It is the same with all the governments that have ever been instituted for the happiness of the governed.

It is the same with all the lofty ambitions that have ever been reduced to noble actions.

It is the same with all the tender emotions that have ever made the happiness of life.

It is the same, be it said with all reverence, of the religions that have sought to guide and console mankind.

Bohemia, therefore, is the universal land.

Bohemia is Kosmos.

Adam and Eve were the first Bohemians.

You see how the subject opens upon us. It is even more difficult to describe the genius of its inhabitants.

Who can fully describe the character of even the stupidest man he knows? It takes the man himself a lifetime to write it out in the imperishable records of his silly actions, in the boundless volumes of his stupid thoughts, in the tiresome annoyance of his senseless speech.

But with such an outside Barbarian we have nothing to do. He has nothing in common with Bohemianism. A Bohemian is never stupid, never dull, never a Bore.

As has been intimated, Adam and Eve were created Bohemians. The happy life they lived in Paradise was the pure Bohemianism that we, their desendants, dream of. The hope and longing for which supports us in our youth, and tortures us in our age, when we find our life has almost slipped away, and that we approach death having enjoyed so glorious a right of our humanity only in our dreams.

In those early days, all the world was Bohemia. All living things Bohemian. The untilled soil, from its exuberent richness, blossomed into fruits. The unconstrained streams coursed carelessly along, babbling their happy songs, unobstructed by dams, unpoluted by factories, unconscious that they were water-courses.

The animal creation lived happily and at peace together. They were friends with man. He had not yet taught the dog to be a terror to the bird, nor the horse to flee the bit and bridle.

The happy pair lived quiet and secure. All nature was in harmony with them. The trees spread out their shady bowers for them. For them they dropped their richest, ripest fruits. For them the strawberry took its crimson hue. For them the mango swelled with luscious juices. The streams flowed clear to tempt them to the bath. The gentle zephyrs dried their shining skins, and the mild atmosphere rejoiced that it was their wardrobe.

Compare that state, with the condition of Mrs. Grundy's friends.

Adam and Eve gave all that up for an apple. The allegory so tells us. The meaning is that they did not rejoice in their growth, as all nature around them did. They did not remain as innocent children: and none but those who are free, happy, unconstrained, unconscious of evil, spontaneous as children should be, are worthy of paradise here or hereafter.

Here is the essence of Bohemianism. Wordsworth, the great modern Bohemian-poet of the intellect, as Beranger is of life, sings:

"One impulse from a vernal wood
Will teach you more of man,
Of moral evil, and of good,
Than all the sages can."

Ever since the eating of that apple, the memory of that unconscious state of happy wisdom, has been almost destroyed from among men, by their worldliness, their selfishness, their egotistic pride. But never wholly destroyed. Life would not be possible if it had been. Now and then it appears in art, in literature, in religion, in action, and we all applaud, and love, and reverence it. All of Washington's greatness came from his Bohemianism. Mr. Everett has none of it, and therefore his oration is a failure, whatever the stupid devotees of Mrs. Grundy may say to the contrary.

The measure of a hero's Bohemianism is the measure of his greatness.

By this Curtius, Epaminondus, Pericles, Regulus, Napoleon, Nelson, Prince Rupert, Gustavus Vasa, Washington, were great.

By want of this, Cæsar, Alexander, Marlborough, Wellington, Knox, were little.

The same distinction runs through literature: Homer, Sophocles, Anacreon, Sapho, Horace, sang as the birds sing. And in our later days, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, Whittier, Lowell, Walt Whitman.

The lark that hails the morning sun, or the swallow that twitters to his mate, alike sing the melody they have learned from nature, unconscious and uncaring for applause. Let all the parrots in their gilded cages amuse the children, and call themselves fine birds. They get their modicum of sugar as their reward. But the woods are no less vocal, nor the lark's song less charming, because Mrs. Grundy says they are only common wild birds, and delights to hear her pretty parrot say, "I am a fine bird, see how pretty I am."

It were evidently useless to attempt the complete description of the genius of Bohemianism in these pages; they would be so voluminous as to become a Bore, and therein would be unworthy of what they would describe.

It will be possible to give here only a few hints, which the intelligent readers of the SATURDAY PRESS, and they are all intelligent, can fill up for themselves.

To give, as it were, a touchstone, using which, they can for themselves separate the true from the false, the wheat from the chaff.

Starting from the fall of Adam and Eve, the world quickly relapsed into Grundyism, the opposite of Bohemianism.

It could not be otherwise with the Jews. They were never Bohemians. They are not to this day, except in rare cases, where the Artist-inspiration overcomes the Jewish tendency. Rachel was a Bohemienne as far as her genius carried her, but she could never eradicate her Jewish nature. A Jew makes his small nationality a pride. He is not large-hearted enough or human enough to be a Bohemian. It needed Christianity to give to mankind a religion large enough to be thoroughly Bohemian. And the Jews have always rejected Christianity.

In their literature, the author of the book of Job, and the son of Shirach, the poet, were Bohemians. But the Jewish characteristics of worshipping wealth, of following the letter and disregarding the spirit, of loving forms, and neglecting essences, their pride, cruelty, and lust of power, were all opposed to the spirit of Bohemianism, which is free, charitable, enlarged, honest.

In the Christian world, the first great result of Bohemianism was the Crusades.

In their enthusiasm, their devotion, their reverence, their unselfishness, they were strongly Bohemian.

It is its sympathy with the universal Bohemian instincts of our common nature, that makes the age of chivalry so frequent a theme for contemplation with the modern world.

We love its self-sacrifice to the common cause, its devoted friendship, its pride of honor, its self-respect. For each of us feels that we have the germ of such a nature in ourselves, and if we were true would express it in our lives.

We try to cheat ourselves with the idea that circumstances prevent us, but love to contemplate the times when these virtues were displayed in daily life, and regret that we did not live in them.

We excuse their cruelty, their slaughter, their injustice, their extravagance.

Let us emulate their virtues, and shun their faults.

In the present century, the great manifestation of Bohemianism was Napoleon's French army. Their valor, their daring, their good-fellowship, their enthusiastic love and reverence for their leader, their devotion to their country, came from their Bohemianism.

Infuse this spirit into any body of men, and they perform wonders which force applause from even the most blasé member of the nil-admirari school.

The grand work of Bohemianism in our own day is our United States, and the best proof of it is the inability of the old-fogies to understand or see the meaning and tendency of our Bohemianism.

It is impossible not to see and respect the results produced by large bodies of men when they act unitedly and enthusiastically under the influence of Bohemian principles. It is to set ourselves alone against the tide of popular feeling. But the necessary reform is to introduce into every man's life the Bohemian ideal, the freedom, the honesty, the sincerity, the good-fellowship, the devotion, the reverence for truth, the scorn and contempt for hypocrisy, which characterizes the genuine Bohemian.

D. D.

PICTURES AT GOUPIL'S.

The 'Dead Cæsar' of Gerome, at Goupil's, is an impressive and valuable work. The very absence of incident, the emptiness of the chamber, and loneliness of the great conqueror deserted by mankind in this extremity, is more eloquent than any action. The chair overturned, the trailed blood which marks the footsteps of the retreating conspirators, carry the mind backward and forward. The horror of the deed is more felt in its consequence than in the deed, and the moment seems to us admirably chosen. Everything is largely and nobly presented, the execution is sufficient, and the single figure fills the scene without aid or hindrance from auxiliaries. So far as we can see and understand it, this is moreover a strong and manly figure.

Our single dissatisfaction with the work is provoked by its excellence, by its suggestiveness. It does not bring us quite near enough to the living Cæsar. We see no face; the brawny arm might be that of a gladiator; the form is undefined; there is no distinctive truth whether of temperament or character. We think of Cæsar as slight and fair, nervous and intellectual, rather than muscular. He prevailed not by mass but by electric energy. This figure seems to us coarser than our ideal Cæsar; but our judgment of it is uncertain. The 'proprium' of the dead man eludes us, we are left to the general, vague, yet powerful effect of the scene.

In this case so much is given, and with such truthful severity, that we do not feel as a dodge this lack of individuality in the form. Yet it is easy to see how much more force would be required to show us what manner of man is here made offal, to show the mental and moral height from which he has fallen.

Here then is no picture of a Cæsar, but a suggestion of his Fate. The work is altogether made up of incident and association. We supply what is wanting in the figure, we accept it for one well known, though nothing of its moral quality appears.

The difficulty of the subject is thus in some degree evaded. The part of Hamlet is not omitted, neither is it fully sustained. We do not say that a great master would have shown us more, but Gerome would certainly appear a greater master if he could have shown us more.

The work is so simple, strong, and intellectual, that it cannot fail of its effect on any mind; yet the painting of mere situation, however impressive, is a doubtful victory. An effect of this kind is the cheap resource of inferior minds, and is only to be redeemed by great vigor in what is actually given, with assurance that the artist could worthily have rendered what he chose to conceal.

Death, according to our view of it, is a squalid horror, or a mystery sublime and beautiful; the body of man is a dishonored clod for the dunghill, or it is still a presence, not with us but over us, of the soul. The treatment of death requires, therefore, great courage, and it is always a nice question, how near to his awful subject the artist may venture to bring a spectator, how far the last expression should be covered or revealed.

In Leighton's 'Reconciliation of the Capulets and Montagues,' the faces of the lovers glow with passion through their pallor and coldness. Their life is before us, their past and future is written on the still features. Death is here but a shadow fallen on the path.

The artist has gone straight to the centre of his subject, has rendered with all emphasis the moral qualities which make triumph of a tragedy. We cannot grieve before the picture that such as these should die, for we are lifted into assurance that such as these do never die.

Lambdin, on the other hand, exhibited last year a 'Dead Wife,' who seemed never to have been alive. There was an effect of stillness and solemnity in the scene. The figures, though mere drapery, were well enough represented and disposed. A work of this kind reaches us through suggestion; but the effect is momentary. We discover that the facts have little value, and are not fairly grappled or set before us. The 'Dead Wife' was not intentionally made a mere effect or empty trap for our sensibilities, but it became such by reason of weakness, where all strength should have been expended, for lack of individuality and expression in the single face.

Something of this vagueness we feel at last in the 'Dead Cæsar.' It might have been made greater without losing any element of its present power. It commands, but not the entire mind.

Its full force falls on us in the first glance. It offers no inexhaustible humanity and heroism, has nothing in common with the grand historic work of Delaroche, to whose 'Marie Antoinette' and 'Lady Jane Grey' we apply again and again with growing wonder and discovery.

'Twilight in the Wilderness,' a new picture by Mr. Church, is a very characteristic example of his power and its limit. The sky is a masterpiece of representation, the distance, and indeed all the left of the picture from the foreground to the vanishing point, is admirably broad and simple. The foreground is as usual somewhat light, is striking rather than grand in character, brilliant rather than impressive, a little hard through over-definition, and broken by variety of detail. The hill in middle distance on the right, would gain in force by subordination of the careful and accurate pine-tops, which weaken its total effect. These trifles, as they appear when mentioned, disturb somewhat the effect of the picture. They are insubordinate beauties. The sky seen through openings of cloud behind tree-tops on the right, seems to us particularly fine where everything is noble in its kind. This, like all the work of Church, is to be seen and admired rather than felt, yet the lower sky, the distance, the broad hills on the left, are treated with a seriousness and simplicity, which if it were carried through the entire canvas would leave the critic without a theme.

Mr. Church has no doubt expressed in this picture his sincere and final preference. So he enjoys and so he will represent. These sparkling particulars seem to him worthy of a place in the grandest and most solemn scene. They are enjoyed by those who neither feel nor demand the grandeur, they are rather an interruption than a help to those for whom it is all. If there were no spell in the picture, we should feel no break in its influence. If there were no hope of meeting Mr. Church on a level of pure emotion, above effect or display, we should give him much more unmixed applause.

To the reader of our last article, we need hardly say that the devil, father of all absurdity, is responsible for that drivel about union of 'local color with touch' in Kensett's pictures. The union of local color with tone, with prevailing sunshine for example, is a triumph over extreme difficulty which our printer does not appreciate.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

Inscribed, with more or less of affection, to the General Public

If you don't like the heavy theatres this warm weather, General, why go to—well, not to be profane—go to Nixon's.

The plays there will not overtax your brain (they certainly didn't the author's), while the irrepressible Gales will make you feel cool just to think that it is they, and not you, who are doing so much work.

I have tried the thing several times this week, and with great success.

I also tried, once or twice, to spend a cheerful evening at the Winter Garden—all but the Garden'—with Julia Dean Hayne, but made a wretched failure of it.

If it hadn't been for Sarah Stevens—whom it does me good even to look upon, and who has a certain quiet humor, and feminine grace, which are almost as rare in private life as upon the stage—I say if it hadn't been for her, and Mr. Jordan,—who when he has a part at all worthy of him renders it with a conscientiousness above all praise—I fear I should have gone home in a passion.

Even as it was, I had to go home in an omnibus.

As for J. D. H., she doesn't strike me as at all calculated for this latitude. And so far as I can judge, you (though that doesn't prove much) are of the same opinion, since you resolutely decline to go and see her.

I have no doubt that her tragedy is very tragical, but her comedy is certainly not at all comical.

What a relief it was, if only by way of contrast, to get from her to Mrs. Wood, who, although too much given to antics of one kind and another (a little less than kind, sometimes) always makes one laugh, even in despite of himself.

She often offends me by her—well, if I must say it—by her vulgarity; but there is something so downright and hearty even in *that*, that before I can give vent to my indignation, I find myself joining you, General, and applauding the hoyden with all my might.

I rather guess, my friend, that over-sensitive people had better give up the play-houses altogether; for as for any one of them giving an evening's entertainment without any vulgarity in it, I fancy that is an experiment they would hardly find it safe to attempt.

And it is your fault, old fellow; for it is you who have to support the play-houses, and you have so little delicacy or refinement, that for a manager to appeal to any such qualities would show great want of tact.

This, at least, is a very common opinion; and if it does you injustice—which I sometimes think it does—you ought to come out and say so.

It wouldn't be amiss for you to say so 'right out in meeting,' now and then, especially when one of the actors seeks to amuse you by ludicrous exhibitions of his person, by clownish contortions of his countenance, by indecent and witless gags, or by any tricks of the sort.

Catch you doing it, though!

You won't complain even when an actor comes on the stage drunk, and instead of speaking the words set down for him, insults the author of the piece, his fellow-actors, and the audience, by improvising a lot of coarse and incoherent stuff, as foreign to the occasion as to decency and common-sense.

I wonder, General, if you are not, after all, something of a coward, and are not, for this or some other reason, afraid to speak out your mind.

Or is it that you like a little grossness and extravagance occasionally, as an offset to the dulness and propriety of everyday-life?

I shouldn't wonder, come to think of it, if this were the real fact.

You go to the theatre to be excited.

You have worked all day—or done nothing all day, which is much more wearisome—and when night comes, you seek relief at one place of amusement and another, only asking of the performers that they make you laugh or cry, so that you may forget the cares and monotonies of life for the time,—or at least be prepared to meet and endure them on the morrow.

If so, General, I take back all I have said, and hope that whenever you go to the theatre, you will make yourself comfortable and at home, whatever takes place, and leave all the grumbling to the critics and feuilletonists, who are more disposed than ever to grumble, just now, because they have nothing in the world to write about.

And, by the way, why should a man write when there is nothing to write about?

On the whole, I won't do it.

Am I not a man and a feuilletonist?

And have I not 'rights' like other people,

Like women, for instance, and colored people?

Besides, General, you, too, have rights, and if I should give you a whole column of nothing, merely because nothing is going on, I should be as bad as managers, who in the absence of good new plays bore you (or would if they could get at you) with bad old ones.

So I may as well conclude, General, with the promise that hereafter when there is nothing to write about I will generously give you the advantage of it.

Yours all the same,

QUELQU'UN.

[From the New York Herald, June 15th.]

A CASE FOR THE CHARITABLE.

To the Editor of the New York Herald:

Knowing that you are ever ready to respond to the call of suffering humanity, I beg to call your attention to a case of more than ordinary hardship. About four years ago a family of five girls, of from four to eighteen years of age, and a young man of twenty years of age, were left to struggle for a living without the aid or counsel of either father or mother. By hard work the three oldest managed to support the family, keeping the other three at school. A year ago the second eldest was taken sick. She continued so until her death, three months since, less one week. A month later the brother met with an accident, from the effects of which he continued to suffer until his death, on the 8th of the present month. The third eldest girl has been sick for the last four or five months until to-day, when she died. The poor girl, who, by her daily toil, has been struggling to support these children in honesty and respectability, is now completely overwhelmed with grief and distress. The protracted illness and expense of burying her other sister and brother has left her utterly destitute. She is now sitting in a room that contains the remains of her who has just departed, and the almost equally helpless children (aged eight and eleven respectively), whom she is powerless to relieve. Will you have the kindness to appeal on their behalf to the generous and charitable, and may the blessing of the orphan ascend to the throne of Him who will not fail to reward the good.

The family referred to reside at the Northwest corner of Green and Broome streets, and the young girl's name is Malvina Guy.

M. J. O'R.

New York, June 14, 1860.

— Blanchard Jerrold is editing for the press 'The Brownrigg Papers'—a series of articles written for a magazine twenty years ago by Douglas Jerrold, and said to contain some of his most sparkling touches of humor and pathos. The volume will contain an illustration by George Cruikshank.

— Queen Victoria has conferred the order of knighthood upon Francis H. Saltus, Esq., of this city, in consideration of important improvements in artillery. Mr. Saltus is the first American thus distinguished. It is to be hoped that this small introduction of genuine nobility, will tend to salify the whole lump of democracy, and remove the fresh flavor of republicanism which is so objectionable to a cultivated aristocratic taste.

— Miss Parr is the author of the novels published under the non de plume of Holme Lee.

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

SAERASMID TO WALT WHITMAN, GREETING.

1. I have loafed with you!
With the soul of you, and, through the soul,
With the body of you,
With all of you that is You!

2. Among the grass-leaves;

3. Among the fresh-mowed grass,
Odorous, sonorous with the jubilee of the cricket, with the cicada-*galop*, with the labor-song of the bee smeared with pollen, and heavy-legged with honey.

4. And among the tall, tangled, unripe grass,
Top-heavy, wind-bantered, tickling the feet of the worm-hunting birds, sweating for the amorous sun the vapor of last night's dew.

5. And among the crisp, crackling, hot-breathed grass under the barn-rafters,
Full of little voices, and rustlings, and sharp twangs from antic grasshoppers and beetles in the love-wrestle,
Full of pricking points, tantalizing the body of me, titillating, deliciously-exciting the electric skin-points of me.

6. And among the sodden, reeking, cattle-tramped grass in the barnyard,
Deadly rich, fructiferous, pestilent with richness,
Terribly pungent, aromatic, ammonia-lunged,
Breeding ragged dock-weed, long-leaved, deep-rooted burdock, Bohemian of plants,
Breeding rugged skunk-cabbage, sturdy pike-weed, and the gypsy stramonium at home in every fat larder of Nature.

7. Among all of these I have found you, the soul and body of you, Walt Whitman,
Lying with me, whispering me new things, pointing them out to me, interpreting them.

8. And yet, not new things,

9. But the old things made new, glorified, purified, beautified,

10. Wiping off the old dirt of them, scraping off the old mould of them, and the accumulated foulnesses put upon them by the hypocrite, by the sybarite, by those fearful of their own foulness being seen through them, by all social prurience,
And by the garbage-gatherer, Custom.

11. Fragrant flowers you have shown me among the rank grass, and among the sodden and cattle-trampled grass, jewels,
Only hidden from eyes that would not see them, and believe in them;

12. And you have shown me that the foulness lay merely on them as a reflection from the foulness of the souls that looked on them askant.

13. I thank you, Walt Whitman!

14. And I acknowledge the corn!
Voila!

15. But I confess to you that the pungent odor, and the sodden richness of the barnyard grass,—of the fructiferous, ammoniacal, weed-breeding grass, among which I have lain with you, is of a nature miasmatic to the many.

16. And the many will not loaf thereamong with you;

17. But will hold their nostrils daintily and turn from you.

18. Yet take heart! They eat dirt and defile themselves, and reck not of it. Let them cover their filth with sweet-savored words and be—clean in their own conceit!
I will loaf with you among all the grasses; I, and such as I; And we are 'A No. 1.' company!

19. And in all the grasses will be flowers and jewels such as we wot of;

20. Come on, then, Adam-child, we are with you, and of you, body and soul!

21. Au revoir!

Philadelphia, June 12, 1860.

THE QUAKER ALUMNI.*

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

From the well-springs of Hudson, the sea-cliffs of Maine,
Grave men, sober matrons, you gather again;
And with hearts warmer grown as your heads grow more cool,
Play over the old game of going to school.

All your strifes and vexations, your whims and complaints,
(You are not saints yourselves, if the children of saints!)
All your petty self-seekings and rivalries done,
Round the dear Alma Mater your hearts beat as one!

How widely so e'er you have strayed from the fold,
Though your 'thee' has grown 'you' and your drab blue and gold,
To the old friendly speech and the garb's sober form,
Like the heart of Argyle to the tartan, you warm.

But the first greeting over, you glance round the hall,
Your hearts call the roll, but they answer not all;
Through the turf green above them the dead cannot hear;
Name by name in the silence, falls sad as a tear!

In love, let us trust, they were summoned so soon
From the morning of life, while we toil through its noon;
They were frail like ourselves, they had needs like our own,
And they rest as we rest, in God's mercy alone.

Unchanged by our changes of spirit and frame,
Past, now, and henceforward the Lord is the same;
Though we sink in the darkness, His arms break our fall,
And in death, as in life He is Father of all!

We are older; our footsteps, so light in the play
Of the far away school-time, move slower to-day;
Here a beard touched with frost, there a bald, shining crown,
And beneath the cap's border gray mingles with brown.

But faith should be cheerful, and trust should be glad,
And our follies and sins, not our years make us sad.
Should the heart closer shut as the bonnet grows prim,
And the face grow in length as the hat grows in brim?

Life is brief, duty grave; but with rain-folded wings
Of yesterday's sunshine, the grateful heart sings;
And we of all people have reason to pay
The tribunal of thanks, and rejoice on our way.

For the counsels that turned from the follies of youth;
For the beauty of patience, the witness of truth;
For the wounds of rebuke, when love tempered its edge;
For the household's restraint and discipline's hedge;

For the lessons of kindness vouchsafed to the least
Of the creatures of God, whether human or beast,
Bringing hope to the poor, lending strength to the frail
In the lanes of the city, the slave-hut and jail.

For a womanhood higher and holier, by all
Her knowledge of good, than was Eve ere her fall—
Whose task-work of duty moves lightly as play,
Serene as the moonlight, and warm as the day.

And, yet more, for the faith which embraces the whole
Of the creeds of the ages, the life and the soul,
Wherein letter and spirit the same channel run,
And man has not severed what God has made one!

For a sense of the goodness revealed everywhere,
As sunshine impartial, and free as the air;
For a trust in humanity, Heathen or Jew,
And a hope for all darkness the light shineth through.

Who scoffs at our birthright? the words of the seers,
And the songs of the bards in the twilight of years,
And the fore-gleams of wisdom in santon and sage,
In prophet and priest, are our true heritage.

The word which the reason of Plato discerned;
The truth as whose symbol the Mithra-fire burned,
The soul of the world which the Stoic but guessed,
In the light universal, the Quaker confessed!

No honors of war to our worthies belong;
Their plain stem of life never flower'd into song;
But the fountains they opened, still gush by the way,
And the world for their healing is better to-day.

He who lies where the minster's groin'd arches curve down,
To the tomb-crowded transept of England's renown,
The glorious essayist, by genius enthron'd,
Whose pen as a sceptre the muses all own'd—

Who through the world's pantheon walk'd in his pride,
Setting new statues up, thrusting old ones aside,
And in fiction the pencils of history dipped,
To gild o'er or blacken each saint in his crypt—

How vainly he labor'd to sully with blame
The white bust of Penn, in the niche of his fame!
Self-will is self-wounding, perversity blind;
On himself fell the stain for the Quaker design'd!

For the sake of his true-hearted father before him;
For the sake of the dear Quaker-mother that bore him;
For the sake of his gifts, and the works that outlive him;
And his brave words for freedom, we freely forgive him!

There are those who take note that our numbers are small;
New Gibbons who write our decline and our fall;
But the Lord of the seed-field takes care of His own,
And the world shall yet reap what our sowers have sown.

The last of the sect to his fathers may go,
Leaving only his coat for some Barnum to show;
But the truth will outlive him, and broaden with years,
Till the false dies away, and the wrong disappears.

Nothing fails of its end. Out of sight sinks the stone,
In the deep sea of time; but the circles sweep on
Till the low-rippled murmurs along the shores run,
And the dark and dead waters leap glad in the sun.

Meanwhile shall we learn, in our ease to forget
To the martyrs of Truth and of Freedom our debt?
Hide the words out of sight, like the garb that they wore,
And for Barclay's Apology offer one more?

Shall we fawn round the priestcraft that glutted the shears,
And festoon'd the stocks with our grandfather's ears?
Talk of Woolman's unsoundness? count Penn heterodox?
And take Cotton Mather in place of George Fox?

Make our preachers war-chaplains? quote Scripture to take
The hunted slave back, for Onesimus' sake?
Go to burning church-candles and chanting in choir,
And on the old meetinghouse stick up a spire?

No! the old paths we'll keep until better are shown,
Credit good where we find it, abroad or our own;
And while 'Lo here' and 'Lo there' the multitude call,
Be true to ourselves and do justice to all!

The good round about us we need not refuse,
Nor talk of our Zion as if we were Jews;
But why shirk the badge which our fathers have worn,
Or beg the world's pardon for having been born?

We need not pray over the Pharisee's prayer,
Nor claim that our wisdom is Benjamin's share.
Truth to us and to others is equal and one;
Shall we bottle the free air, or hoard up the sun?

Well know we our birthright may serve but to show
How the meanest of weeds in the richest soil grow;
But we need not disparage the good which we hold;
Though the vessels be earthen, the treasure is gold.

Enough and too much of the sect and the name.
What matters our label, so truth be our aim?
The creed may be wrong, but the life may be true,
And hearts beat the same under drab coats or blue.

So the man be a man, let him worship at will,
In Jerusalem's courts or in Gerizim's hill.
When she makes up her jewels what cares yon good town
For the Baptist of WAYLAND, the Quaker of BROWN?

And this green, favored island, so fresh and sea-blown,
When she counts up the worthies her annals have known,
Never waits for the pitiful gaugers of sect
To measure her love, and mete out her respect.

Three shades at this moment seem walking her strand,
Each with head halo-crowned, and with palms in his hand;
Wise Berkeley, grave Hopkins, and smiling serene
On prelate and puritan, Channing is seen.

One holy name bearing, no longer they need
Credentials of party, and passwords of creed;
The new song they sing hath a threefold accord,
And they own one baptism, one faith, and one Lord!

But the golden sands lessen! Occasions like these
Glide swift into shadow, like sails on the seas;
While we sport with the mosses and pebbles ashore,
They lessen and fade, and we see them no more.

Forgive me, my friends, if my vagrant thoughts seem
Like a schoolboy's, who idles and plays with his theme;
Forgive the light measure, whose changes display
The sunshine and rain of our brief April day.

There are moments in life when the lip and the eye
Try the question of whether to smile or to cry;
And scenes and reunions that prompt like our own,
The tender in feeling, the playful in tone.

I, who never sat down with the boys and the girls,
With your Austins and Slocumbs, your Cartlands and Earls,
By courtesy only, permitted to lay
On your festival's altar my poor gift to-day,—

I would joy in your joy; let me have a friend's part,
In the warmth of your welcome of hand and of heart;
On your play-ground of boyhood unbend the brow's care,
And shift the old burdens our shoulders must bear.

Long live the good school! giving out year by year
Recruits to true manhood, and womanhood dear;
Brave boys, modest maidens, in beauty sent forth,
The living epistles and proof of its worth!

In and out let the young life as steadily flow
As in the broad Narragansett the tides come and go;
And its sons and its daughters in prairie and town
Remember its honor, and guard its renown.

Not vainly the gift of its Founder was made;
Not prayerless the stones of its corner were laid;
The blessing of Him whom in secret they sought
Has owned the good work, which the fathers have wrought.

To Him be the glory forever!—we bear
To the Lord of the Harvest, our wheat with the tare,
What we lack in our work may He find in our will,
And winnow in mercy our good from the ill!

* Read before the Friend's Boarding-School Alumni, at Newport, R. I., June 11, 1860.

[From 'Vanity Fair.']

THE NEW 'WORLD.'

The new *World* is out to-day, with the full knowledge and approval of its mamma.

We don't mean the Western Continent. That was trotted out by Columbus, an ancient buffer who 'went into the country' years ago. ''Tis not too late to seek a newer World,' and the general public is therefore invited to figure as a modern Ulysses, and voyage up immediately to No. 35 Park Row.

For the new *World* is nothing less than a newspaper, 'an independent morning newspaper'—a virtuous and respectable newspaper—a newspaper in regard to which every promise is made which the most unbounded liberality could support, or the most tireless energy fulfil.

We had the benefit of the Prospectus in the daily papers last Saturday. We read it with diligence, with wonder, with admiration, and with a pipe of Caporal. Shall we not say a good word for our Mother Earth? The *World* is a big thing—at least in the Prospectus.

Various features of that charming and longitudinal document inspired us with awe. The *World* is to be Daily, Weekly, and Semi-Weekly. Think of that! A *World* every day, a *World* once a week, a *World* twice a week, in point of fact, for aught we know, a '*World* without end'—all for a penny! Verily, we said, 'the *World* is our Oyster, which we with knife will open.' Then again the *World* is to have the 'latest intelligence from Every Quarter of the Globe.' To be sure, as the Prospectus says, 'this intelligence is furnished, in some good measure at least, by newspapers already established and ably conducted.' But that's no reason why the *World* shouldn't exploit its four quarters if it wants to. Still further, which is very refreshing to know, 'the *World* has originated in the widely prevalent feeling that the time has come for living Christianity to assert itself in secular journalism more positively than it has yet done.' In other words, we said, this is to be a new *World* 'wherein dwelleth righteousness.' Well, that is good, but it's scarcely kind to Col. Webb. Isn't the *Courier and Enquirer* as nice as anything can be? Hasn't it got lots of 'vital Christianity,' we should like to know? And then there's the *Tribune*!! Only think what an imputation the *World* must impliedly cast upon the righteous and yellow-haired Greeley. Well; perhaps he deserves it. But we had thought he long ago put away the vanities of this world. He won't wear good clothes, certainly, and he always said he wasn't an office-seeker. And besides, there's Bennett. Who says he isn't pious? Look at the Religious Intelligence in the *Herald* every Sunday! Why, even the Theatrical department of that paper is devotional! As to the *Times*, doesn't everybody know that its editor is a member of good standing in an Evangelical Church? Never mind. Possibly the *World* is right in its imputation. It usually is about most things, in the long run.

On further consideration it appears that the new *World* is possessed of peculiar merits and advantages, which to the world, hitherto, have been comparatively unknown. 'Its capital has been supplied by members of various religious denominations.' Thus 'the root of all evil' groweth beautifully in holy ground. 'The name it bears will be its true index.' Thus it will become—like the *Home Journal*—'a map of busy life, its fluctuations and its vast concerns.' And this, notwithstanding it 'will rigorously exclude everything unfit to be read in a pure household.' What a world it will be, and what an orbit of circulation it will have! 'Its correspondence will come from residents of the highest intelligence and entirely responsible characters.' Refreshing thought—that, at least, there will be a responsible correspondent—and not in the Pickwickian sense, either—who is a resident somewhere and actually pays taxes. Already we imagine the valorous Baron as he skurrieth after the responsible resident, and already we seem to hear the resonant echoes of Hoboken, clamorous under the morning sky. It will have 'fulness of marine and commercial intelligence.' This of course must be good for the Marines, unto whom doubtless it will forever be an authority and a guide. 'It will faithfully expose infidelity and immorality, wherever lurking in the current publications of the day.' Noble crusade! Easy indeed, considering that infidelity and immorality never lurk but always lie patent. Thankless too, considering the ways of this world; but none the less valiant and pariseworthy. How will the *Recorder* hide its diminished head, and the mammoth *Independent* pale its ineffectual fires! In Politics also the *World* will become a rebuke—even to the comprehensive *Washington Globe* and the venerable *Boston Courier*. 'In politics it will afford early and full information.' Consider its all-seeing eye. Consider its visual scope. Why even the 'single eye of Polyphemus Wood isn't to be mentioned in the same day with it. 'It will listen to no threats against the Union.' Deafness of patriotism! Alas that for love of country, the *World* should lose its ears! Will there be no more threats, we should like to know: and will the heathen cease to rage? Probably not? But the *World* will not hear. 'It will avoid bitterness. . . . It will be courteous and genial. . . . It will be free from everything offensive to a pure taste.' Evidently it is a world of verdant meadows, in which the young lambs shall gambol, and Pharisees of the period shall frisk about lovingly together. We hail it, therefore, with mingled feelings of admiration and awe. Nor is our enthusiasm anyway abated when we come to know that 'for all of the issues, cash in advance must invariably be paid.' Never mind the cash. Long live the *World!* In point of fact, long may it wave! We have it on good authority that 'All the World's a stage,' and the best we can wish for it is a clear road and a good driver.

'Roll on thou beauteous Orb.'

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

OUR OLD FRIEND OF EIGHTY.

I.

Fresh, staunch, and hale, as the Wintry morn,
Tasselled with strength like the growing corn,
Naive and pure as the day he was born,
Is our old friend of eighty.

II.

Light is his heart as a lamb at play,
Sweet are his words as the new-mown hay,
Bright are the thoughts as the flowers of May,
Of our old friend of eighty!

III.

Ardent the soul as the lightning above,
Cherishing hope like the brooding dove,
Constant in faith and eternal in love,
Is our dear friend of eighty!

L. H.

Charity and some other things begin at Home.

The *Tribune* in its issue of Oct. 25th, 1859, proposed to take a 'census of the hypocrites, trimmers, and natural fools, who may have followed the Republican party hitherto in the hope of plunder.'

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[CONCLUDED FROM THE FIRST PAGE.]

her for some moments, and then left her to go to my own room. Of course the first bitterness of woe and sorrow passed away; all strong, very strong feelings do. They either kill themselves, or kill the heart they have taken their place in; in my case they killed themselves, and gradually I came to regard Belle's love for young Hamilton like any other inevitable calamity to which time had inured me.

They were formally engaged, with the consent of all parties concerned, and their marriage-day was fixed for an early date,—Belle's eighteenth birthday, then but a few months distant.

I think it was about three weeks after that twilight evening in the parlor, that Belle came to me with a letter from her friend, Marian Hollin. She put it into my hand, and I read it.

It was a most beautifully written epistle: that is, the chirography was of the most delicate angular style, on the whitest and smoothest of satin note-paper; though there were four sheets closely written, two of which were crossed, the whole substance may be put into a single line,

"My dear Belle, I accept your invitation at last; expect me on Wednesday."

"You don't object, Lizzie? I'm sure you will like Marian; she is a very charming girl," said Belle, when I handed back the letter.

I did not object. Whatever my perhaps morbid love for my young sister might have suggested before her engagement to Hamilton, now everything after that was but slight. I cordially assured her that I would welcome her friend almost as warmly as she would herself when she arrived.

Belle was not very demonstrative, but she thanked me with great earnestness, and with more than her usual warmth declared that I was the "the dearest, best sister in the world."

Wednesday came, and so did Miss Marian Hollin, exactly at three minutes past four on Wednesday afternoon.

She was full as beautiful, full as charming, as Belle had described her to me. Dark, bright, radiant.

O! wo, wo to the day when she crossed our threshold! In the evening Ernest came as he had always done for a long time past. More than a slight attention, such as he would have been compelled to bestow upon any lady, he did not give to Miss Hollin, at first sight, but she returned it with threefold interest.

The glance she bestowed upon him when passing her with a courteous inclination of the head and a few gracefully uttered words, and seated himself beside Belle, filled me with alarm and terror. Too surely I read in that glance of hers more, I think, than she intended any one should read, for, as if aware that my eyes were resting upon her, she turned suddenly toward me; our gaze met. She looked back at me steadily, haughtily, defiantly, and then glancing toward my sister and Ernest she laughed a short, mocking laugh.

Belle looked up, and wondering what could have occasioned this sudden and apparently uncalled-for merriment, asked,

"What is it, Marian?"

"Nothing, my dear,—at least nothing of any consequence. One's thoughts will sometimes prove amusing. Don't you think so, Mr. Hamilton?"

"Doubtless," returned Mr. Hamilton, rather abstractedly. He was waiting for a reply to something he had said to Belle, and I hardly think heard what Miss Hollin had said.

She observed the carelessess of his reply, but not the faintest shade of crimson tinged her cheek at his apparent inattention to words from her imperial lips. On the contrary she smiled almost exultingly as one having achieved a triumph.

She rose and crossed the room, her voluminous skirts sweeping against the piano-stool and spinning it partly around as she passed it; she stopped when she neared the window, and drawing back the folds of the curtains looked out upon the gas-lit and moon-lit street.

My eyes were attracted, almost magnetically, toward her as she stood there, and finding it next to impossible to withdraw my gaze, I let it remain upon her; wandering listlessly over her from the braids of her dark hair down to the hem of her shining robe, that swept the carpet.

For beauty of face and form I don't suppose there ever was a more beautiful woman created than Marian Hollin.

Perfect beauty is a rare, a very rare thing, and though I have in my day and generation seen some thousands of women, all having some claim to loveliness, certainly I never saw that woman's equal. Her eyes were as dark as Ernest's; her hair was also black, and her exquisitely arched eyebrows, and long, sweeping eyelashes, of the same jetty hue. Her complexion was marble-white, but with none of the deadness and inanimate pallor characteristic of most perfectly pale complexions; excitement of any kind brought the rich blood mantling in crimson-beauty to her cheek, and blushing faintly through the rest of her white face. Her lips wore a bright, warm tint, not scarlet, and yet not vermillion—softer in hue than the one, brighter than the other; her nose was straight, with thin, white nostrils, and the whole face indeed, so suggestive of the purest marble, most exquisitely, most happily dissolved into the resemblance of breathing beauty, might have been the pride of an Athenian.

Her form was perfect as her face. She was full four inches taller than Belle, though she could not be more beautifully proportioned. Her dress added to the striking splendor of her appearance.

It was of a silver-colored moire-antique, falling in folds of shining, classic elegance from her rounded waist; made low in the neck, her arms and shoulders gleaming like frosted snow in contrast to it, and though certainly worn then (when neither Belle nor I appeared in full dress, for there was no occasion nor excuse for doing so,) it was not in the best taste, still so admirably becoming was it to her that it was impossible to find fault with her toilet.

For some minutes she continued to look out into the street; then, probably for a diversion, she began softly 'drumming' on the window panes with her fingers; having continued that for a short time, she ceased it, and turned with a quick movement toward the lovers. Ernest was bending toward Belle, her eyes were cast down toward the carpet, and the lovely rose-color was fading and flashing on her cheek as she listened to whatever it was he was saying.

Marian's eyes measured them for about three seconds, then sent forth a flash that I could see from where I was seated, and a sneer perceptibly curled her perfect lip.

She turned away, and I seized the opportunity to make Belle a sign that she was verging upon the ridiculous in letting her lover absorb her attention entirely, to the almost absolute neglect of her guest. She understood me, and rising, she moved away to some distance, and presently addressed Marian, requesting her to 'play something.'

Miss Hollin never required much persuasion to display her accomplishments. She did 'play something;' she played divinely—her performance was without a fault, and Ernest complimented her warmly. It was then, that for the first time he appeared to observe her; his eye wandered over her face, her form, her dress, with visible and undisguised admiration and delight; there was even a shade of astonishment in his admiration, for doubtless he too, thought she was the most wondrously beautiful woman he had ever beheld.

He turned to Belle, and I heard the whisper, "What a magnificent—what a glorious woman!"

Marian Hollin also heard it.

Belle returned to this enthusiastic expression of admiration,

"Is not she? I knew you would think so."

And that he did think so soon became painfully evident to me. It formed the beginning and ending of all his thoughts, and many an agonized throe, many a bitter tear it wrung from me for my sister's sake, long before she guessed at the mountain of dark clouds that was rising so rapidly to obscure the brightness of her calm Summer sky.

There was but a grain of jealousy in Belle's composition, and ere that had sprung up or even taken root in her heart's soil, Ernest Hamilton was forever lost to her. At last the grain took root, it sprung up rapidly, the serpent raised its crested head, its green eyes were gifted with a tenfold vision. She saw it all, and my poor Belle was stricken, sorely, sorely stricken!

It was exactly five weeks after Marian's arrival that one afternoon I came down stairs, and walking along the hall was going to enter the parlor, supposing that Belle was there, my feet suddenly became glued to the floor, when I beheld her but a few steps from the open door, riveted to the spot on which she stood, with as little appearance of life as the marble statuette she leaned her little hand upon to steady herself. From where she stood she could see and hear all that passed in the parlor, and so too could I, but for the first few moments I saw but her. Then as I distinguished voices and words and recognized them, I darted my gaze toward the parlor.

To another the sight I beheld might have been amusing—to another yet, pleasing, for there was much of grace and beauty in it, but to me, because of Belle, O God! how much of agony—to Belle, because of her poor loving, breaking heart, how much of agonized suffering!

Marian Hollin was seated upon a large ottoman, her ample skirts spread out in beautiful breadth of silken, glistening splendor, Ernest was kneeling before her, both her hands prisoned in his, and looking up admiringly into the dark eyes looking down into his; she spoke.

"Ernest, I have told you again and again that it can never be. Your honor binds you to my dear little friend, Belle"——

"Perdition!" he interrupted passionately, and begged her forgiveness in the next breath, adding, "You drive me mad, Marian—I know not what I say. She is nothing to me—nothing—nothing! I love—I adore—I worship you! My queen! my goddess! That poor, puny thing is too much honored that her name is deemed worthy to be uttered by your voice, to dwell for even a passing moment on your dear lips."

"Hush—hush!" she said with playful fondness.

"I will not—I cannot. Marian hear me—this day—this hour cancels my engagement—bah! the mere thought of it sickens me!—with Belle Carlisle. From this moment she is nothing to me, any more than if I had never seen her. Only say that you will deign to occupy the place that she was to have filled—forgive me that I did not know from some inward prompting that I had not met my destiny till I saw you; say"—

"That will do, dearest."

She drew her hands from his, and placing both upon his brow, pushed back the masses of his hair from his temples, and stooping forward kissed him, first upon the centre of his brow, then upon either temple. I saw him start up to his feet; I saw no more—well that they could neither see nor hear aught but themselves, for the next moment Belle tottered, and springing forward in time to reach her ere she fell, I received her—lifeless, white as a snowdrift, in my arms.

It was not the first time, neither was it the last, that I bore her in my arms. I raised her as if she had been an infant, for though usually strong, I had then a strength almost supernatural, and carried her up stairs. I laid her on my bed, and applied myself to restoring her, though it might have been as well if her blue eyes had never unclosed again, but I could not thus yield up my darling to the chilling embrace of death.

It was a long and very painful fainting-fit, and the recovery from it was like a resuscitation from death; indeed, in a measure it was so. As she had ever done when in trouble, though till then her troubles had been light, she clasped her arms about my neck, and laid her head on my bosom.

"O Lizzie!" she moaned, "if I had never loved any one but you, if I had given my heart to you forever!"

I could only echo the words from the depths of my soul, though I could not, dare not speak. I knew not what to say.

"This from Marian, too, Marian that I thought so good and true! Why does my heart not break that I could die at once? Lizzie, Lizzie! O my sister! Lizzie Carlisle, what shall I do?"

I answered impetuously, and without due regard for her poor bleeding heart, for indignation hurried me out of myself.

"Collect all the strength you possess, Belle, and go down to the parlor. You will find them there, order them both out of this house on the instant."

"You know not what you say!"

"But I know well what I say! Is it not enough that Ernest Hamilton is a poor perjured wretch, and Marian Hollin a heartless hypocrite? Must they parade perjury and hypocrisy within our house beneath our eyes? Your guest laughs at you. Your affianced husband insults you in my house, and think you I will bear a continuance of it a minute longer than gives them time to leave this roof? I tell you no! and if you refuse to send them away, I will order them hence myself."

I wrenched myself from her grasp and approached the door, but she intercepted me by throwing herself between me and it, and imploring wildly,

"Do not, do not, I beg, I entreat. Listen, sister dear! your words kill me, they pierce my heart and soul keener than any two-edged sword. I cannot, O I will not hear one unkind word applied to Ernest. If you would not drive me mad, Lizzie, promise that you will do nothing of what you have said."

I did not dare refuse anything to those pleading blue eyes and clasped white hands, and reluctantly (for I burned with anger and indignation against the two despicable things in the room below me) I gave the promise.

I made Belle go back and lie down again upon the bed, for she was fit for nothing else; she tottered at every step, and with difficulty maintained her footing, so that I was obliged to assist her with the support of my arm.

"At least promise me that you will forget him," I whispered.

"Forget him! Forget him!" she repeated with a strange look that said very plainly, as well might you bid the stars forget to shine.

"Then, Belle, you will surely at the first opportunity go to him and say, 'You are free'!"

"You know not what you ask. I can't speak. I'm too ill and faint with weakness, but I can never tell him he is free. You could, because you are strong and resolute; but I cannot. I will win him back again; he cannot have so entirely forgotten me. No, no," she said, "he cannot."

She spoke wanderingly and incoherently, till I began to fear she was becoming ill, so I ceased to importune her, and spoke soothingly to her till she fell asleep like a weary child, from sheer weakness.

I went down to the parlor; Marian was alone, for her lover was gone, it appeared. Then for my poor Belle I did what I would not have done for the wealth of the Indies ten times told. I told Marian all I had seen and heard passing between her and Ernest, and I begged her by all she held dear to leave us, that he might return to Belle.

She smiled a terrible smile of disdain and triumph commingled. I knelt to her on my knees, I prayed of her for the sake of mercy, and of the God of mercy, to leave us, and give back to Belle that which was her life and joy; then when the beautiful demoness laughed at my prayers and entreaties, I know not what further I said or did. I only know there was a curse in my heart, coming up to my lips, but whether it found utterance and passed them I cannot tell.

I was about to break the promise given to Belle and order her from beneath my roof, when she stopped me with,

"It is unnecessary, Miss Carlisle. Spare me the degradation, if you can be generous. I am going. You think I will give up Ernest Hamilton? No," and she approached me, and whispered in my ear "I hate your sister too intensely; she, though she knows it not, was my rival. Yes! she, baby-face, took from me the only heart I sighed for, my music-master's! You see I was not ambitious. I loved our poor music-teacher, and he loved your bonny Belle, and loves her yet. Well, never mind, a heart for a heart; it is my turn now. Ha-ha! ha-ha!

I never heard so wicked a laugh as burst from her lips then; she turned away ere I could speak, and leaving the room proceeded up stairs to prepare for leaving us. That same night I beheld her for the last time, and Belle saw her no more.

She had sent word to Ernest that she had left us, and from that day he never entered our house. A letter, requesting a dissolution of the engagement, came to me, and when I showed it to Belle, even then her heart would have forgiven all, but she had pride enough to send him a cutting answer wherein she acceded to his request. I knew then that the lightning had blasted my flower; slowly the cankerworm ate at its heart, till at the end of a month the worm had finished its meal, the heart was eaten away; my Belle, my darling was dead!

And I lived then, ah! yes, I had outlived too many sorrows to be killed with sorrows; besides, I had a task to perform—a task that I laid out for myself, to the performance of which I dedicated my own right hand.

I took my measures well—I laid my plans cleverly.

I was now the heiress to very great wealth, and I prepared to leave my native country, where every association was fraught with pain. I took passage in a vessel sailing for Liverpool; every one who knew of my intention thought I had sailed, but under my name went a poor woman who was glad thus to have a free passage secured, while I remained to accomplish my task.

Belle still lay in her grave, white, and cold, and beautiful; a shrouded form of fair clay, when Marian Hollin married Ernest Hamilton.

Well, I had waited for that hour. I knew where to find them, and I waited still longer; it was Mid-Summer, and they had taken themselves to a cottage in the country, where I followed them. It was not likely that I should lose my opportunity—it was not likely that I should fail to see Ernest leave the cottage by himself, one warm, sultry day, and wander away down to the orchard.

I followed him there, too, and I saw him after an hour's wandering about, throw himself down upon the long grass, where, under my wakeful watching eye, he fell sound asleep.

I stole softly to his side, and looked down upon him. He had never looked more beautiful, and I hated him still more then, for had his beauty not robbed my life of all that had been beautiful to it? His straw hat lay down beside him, his coat was thrown loosely back, and he wore no vest; his right arm reposed by his side, and his left one was thrown carelessly up over his head, just as I could have wished it. I knelt down beside him, and through the fine linen of his shirt I could see the calm, even pulsations of his heart; I counted a minute while I knelt there by its regular beatings, and then I drew forth the dagger, long-bladed, sharp-pointed, that I held ready beneath my heavy crape mantle. I poised it steadily in my hand above the regularly-beating heart, and if you think my own fluttered one pulse the quicker, or that my hand trembled as much as a leaf swayed by the faintest breeze, then are you mistaken greatly. I was ice and rock.

With all the strength of my arm, and with three distinctly-uttered words, 'This for Belle!' I drove the weapon down till the blade went out at the back and sank an inch into the ground.

The murdered and the murderer—had he not killed Belle, only with far greater torture?—opened his eyes, gave one single glance, a half-uttered groan, and died. I rose and left the spot, no eye having seen me save His Who looked down upon me through the blue sky of Heaven. . . .

Well, well, I have suffered for thus taking vengeance into my own hand, O God! Yes, I have suffered—no language can tell the tortures!

I have visited all the great places of earth, but my sin—my crime has been with me. It is not Ernest Hamilton's death I regret—no, no! It is my crime—my crime—my crime!

A gulf of blood seems to shut me out from pardon and mercy—Heaven seems very far away, though Death is so near.

Father, mother, brothers, sisters, will I then meet you no more? Belle, my darling, my angel, ever the light of my eyes, and the holiest love of my heart, am I to see you no more? It cannot, cannot be! O Heaven be merciful!—O Father be forgiving!

Ah! my God! is this death—this grim spectre passing over me, chilling my brow, robbing of light mine eyes, stilling my heart and pulses, paralyzing my limbs, freezing my marrow, running chill down my arm, stiffening my fingers! can this be death—O God!—can this—is—

[From the New York Tribune.]

THAT PRIVATE LETTER.

Horace Greeley to William H. Seward.

NEW YORK, Sat. Eve., Nov. 11, 1854.

GOV. SEWARD:—The election is over, and its results sufficiently ascertained. It seems to me a fitting time to announce to you the dissolution of the political firm of Seward, Weed, and Greeley, by the withdrawal of the junior partner—said withdrawal to take effect on the morning after the first Tuesday in February next. And as it may seem a great presumption in me to assume that any such firm exists, especially since the public was advised, rather more than a year ago, by an Editorial rescript in the *Evening Journal* formally reading me out of the Whig party, that I was esteemed no longer either useful or ornamental in the concern, you will, I am sure, indulge me in some reminiscences which seem to befit the occasion.

I was a poor young printer and Editor of a Literary Journal—a very active and bitter Whig in a small way, but not seeking to be known out of my own Ward Committee—when after the great Political Revulsion of 1837, I was one day called to the City Hotel, where two strangers introduced themselves as Thurlow Weed and Lewis Benedict of Albany. They told me that a cheap Campaign Paper of a peculiar stamp at Albany, had been resolved on, and that I had been selected to edit it. The announcement might well be deemed flattering by one who had never even sought the notice of the great, and who was not known as a partisan writer, and I eagerly embraced their proposals. They asked me to fix my salary for the year; I named $1000, which they agreed to; and I did the work required to the best of my ability. It was work that made no figure and created no sensation; but I loved it and I did it well. When it was done, you were Governor, dispensing offices worth $3,000 to $20,000 per year to your friends and compatriots, and I returned to my garret and my crust, and my desperate battle with pecuniary obligations heaped upon me by bad partners in business and the disastrous events of 1837. I believe it did not then occur to me that some one of these abundant places might have been offered to me without injustice; I now think that it should have occurred to you. If it did occur to me, I was not the man to ask you for it; I think that should not have been necessary. I only remember that no friend at Albany inquired as to my pecuniary circumstances; that your friend (but not mine) Robert C. Wetmore, was one of the chief dispensers of your patronage here; and that such devoted compatriots as A. H. Wells and John Hooks were lifted by you out of pauperism into independence, as I am glad I was not; and yet an inquiry from you as to my needs and means at that time would have been timely, and held ever in grateful remembrance.

In the Harrison campaign of 1840, I was again designated to edit a campaign paper. I published it as well, and ought to have made something by it, in spite of its extremely low price; my extreme poverty was the main reason why I did not. It compelled me to hire press-work, mailing, etc., done by the job, and high charges for extra work nearly ate me up. At the close, I was still without property and in debt, but this paper had rather improved my position.

Now came the great scramble of the swell mob of coon-minstrels and cider-suckers at Washington—I not being counted in. Several regiments of them went on from this city; but no one of the whole crowd—though I say it who should not—had done so much toward Gen. Harrison's nomination and election as yours respectfully. I asked nothing, expected nothing; but you, Gov. Seward, ought to have asked that I be Postmaster of New York. Your asking would have been in vain; but it would have been an act of grace neither wasted nor undeserved.

I soon after started the *Tribune*, because I was urged to do so by certain of your friends, and because such a paper was needed here. I was promised certain pecuniary aid in so doing; it might have been given me without cost or risk to any one. All I ever had was a loan by piecemeal of $1,000 from James Coggeshall, God bless his honored memory! I did not ask for this, and I think it is the one sole case in which I ever received a pecuniary favor from a political associate. I am very thankful that he did not die till it was fully repaid.

And let me here honor one grateful recollection. When the Whig party under your rule had offices to give, my name was never thought of; but when in '42-3, we were hopelessly out of power, I was honored with the party nomination for State Printer. When we came again to have a State Printer to elect as well as nominate, the place went to Weed, as it ought. Yet it is worth something to know that there was once a time when it was not deemed too great a sacrifice to recognize me as belonging to your household. If a new office had not since been created on purpose to give its valuable patronage to H. J. Raymond and enable St. John to show forth his *Times* as the organ of the Whig State Administration, I should have been still more grateful.

In 1848 your star again rose, and my warmest hopes were realized in your election to the Senate. I was no longer needy and had no more claim than desire to be recognized by Gen. Taylor. I think I had some claim to forbearance from you. What I received thereupon was a most humiliating lecture in the shape of a decision in the libel case of Redfield and Pringle, and an obligation to publish it in my own and the other journal of our supposed firm. I thought and still think this lecture needlessly cruel and mortifying. The plaintiffs, after using my columns to the extent of their needs or desires, stopped writing and called on me for the name of their assailant. I proffered it to them—a thoroughly responsible name. They refused to accept it unless it should prove to be one of the four or five first men in Batavia!—when they had known from the first who it was, and that it was neither of them. They would not accept that which they had demanded; they sued me instead for money, and money you were at liberty to give them to your heart's content. I do not think you were at liberty to humiliate me in the eyes of my own and your* public as you did. I think you exalted your own judicial sternness and fearlessness unduly at my expense. I think you had a better occasion for the display of these qualities when Webb threw himself entirely upon you for a pardon which he had done all a man could do to demerit. (His paper is paying you for it now.)

I have publicly set forth my view of your and our duty with respect to Fusion, Nebraska, and party designations. I will not repeat any of that. I have referred also to Weed's reading me out of the Whig party—my crime being, in this as in some other things, that of doing to-day what more politic persons will not be ready to do till to-morrow.

Let me speak of the late canvass. I was once sent to Congress for ninety days merely to enable Jim Brooks to secure a seat therein for four years. I think I never hinted to any human being that I would have liked to be put forward for any place. But James W. White (you hardly know how good and true a man he is) started my name for Congress, and Brooks's packed delegation thought I could help him through; so I was put on behind him. But this last Spring, after the Nebraska question had created a new state of things at the North, one or two personal friends, of no political consideration, suggested my name as a candidate for Governor, and I did not discourage them. Soon, the persons who were afterward mainly instrumental in nominating Clark came about me and asked if I could secure the Know-Nothing vote. I told them I neither could nor would touch it: on the contrary, I loathed and repelled it. Thereupon they turned upon Clark.

I said nothing, did nothing. A hundred people asked me who should be run for Governor. I sometimes indicated Patterson; I never hinted at my own name. By-and-by Weed came down and called me to him, to tell me why he could not support me for Governor. (I had never asked nor counted on his support.)

I am sure Weed did not mean to humiliate me; but he did it. The upshot of his discourse (very cautiously stated) was this: If I were a candidate for Governor, I should beat not myself only but you. Perhaps that was true. But as I had in no manner solicited his or your support, I thought this might have been said to my friends rather than to me. I suspect it is true that I could not have been elected Governor as a Whig. But had he and you been favorable there would have been a party in this State ere this which could and would have elected me to any post, without injuring itself or endangering your reelection.

It was in vain that I urged that I had in no manner asked a nomination. At length I was nettled by his language—well intended, but very cutting as addressed by him to me—to say, in substance, 'Well, then, make Patterson Governor, and try my name for Lieutenant. To lose this place is a matter of no importance; and we can see whether I am really so odious.'

I should have hated to serve as Lieut. Governor, but I should have gloried in running for the post. I want to have my enemies all upon me at once; I am tired of fighting them piece-meal. And, though I should have been beaten in the canvass, I know that my running would have helped the ticket, and helped my paper.

It was thought best to let the matter take another course. No other name could have been put on the ticket so bitterly humbling to me as that which was selected. The nomination was given to Raymond; the fight left to me. And, Governor Seward, I have made it, though it be conceited in me to say so. What little fight there has been, I have stirred it up. Even Weed has not been (I speak of his paper) hearty in this contest, while the journal of the Whig Lieut. Governor has taken care of its own interests and let the canvass take care of itself, as it early declared it would do. That journal has (because of its milk-and-water course) some Twenty Thousand subscribers in this city and its suburbs, and of these Twenty Thousand I venture to say more voted for Ullmann and Scroggs than for Clark and Raymond; the *Tribune* (also because of its character) has but Eight Thousand subscribers within the same radius, and I venture to say that of its habitual readers nine-tenths voted for Clark and Raymond—very few for Ullman and Scroggs. I had to bear the brunt of the contest, and take a terrible responsibility in order to prevent the Whigs uniting upon James W. Barker in order to defeat Fernando Wood. Had Barker been elected here, neither you nor I could walk these streets without being hooted, and Know-Nothingism would have swept like a prairie-fire. I stopped Barker's election at the cost of incurring the deadliest enmity of the defeated gang; and I have been rebuked for it by the Lieut. Governor's paper. At the critical moment, he came out against John Wheeler in favor of Charles H. Marshall (who would have been your deadliest enemy in the House), and even your Col. General's paper, which was even with me in insisting that Wheeler should be returned, wheeled about at the last moment and went in for Marshall—the *Tribune* alone clinging to Wheeler to the last. I rejoice that they who turned so suddenly were not able to turn all their readers.

Governor Seward, I know that some of your most cherished friends think me a great obstacle to your advancement—that John Schoolcraft, for one, insists that you and Weed shall not be identified with me. I trust, after a time, you will not be. I trust I shall never be found in opposition to you; I have no farther wish but to glide out of the newspaper world as quietly and as speedily as possible, join my family in Europe, and if possible stay there quite a time—long enough to cool my fevered brain and renovate my overtasked energies. All I ask is that we shall be counted even on the morning after the first Tuesday in February, as aforesaid, and that I may thereafter take such course as seems best without reference to the past.

You have done me acts of valued kindness in the line of your profession; let me close with the assurance that these will ever be gratefully remembered by

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

Hon. WM. H. SEWARD, Present.

THE LETTER.

I am indebted to Senator Seward through Mr. Thurlow Weed for the manuscript of my private letter to Gov. Seward, written soon after the conclusion of the canvass of 1854. It is printed verbatim in the preceding column. It might be made clearer on some points by notes, but I have not felt at liberty to add any. The only note appended to the letter is a part of the original. It can hardly be necessary to explain that the morning on which I proposed to dissolve the partnership of Seward, Weed, & Greeley, was that following the day on which I trusted, and with good reason, that Gov. Seward would be elected for a second term of six years to the United States Senate.

Under the circumstances, I do not feel required to apologize to those who will be surprised to find their names figuring in this letter. They will know that, when I wrote it, I did not dream that it would ever be printed, and that the personal controversy which has constrained me to demand and publish it has been forced on me. Had the letter simply been shown to certain of my enemies for their private edification, I should have been silent; but when I found in *The Times* statements impeaching my personal integrity dated at Auburn and couched in terms which pointed unmistakably to this letter as their basis, I felt constrained to call for and print the text. And I am glad that it has been sent me at last.

Let me here apologize to Messrs. John H. Wheeler and Charles H. Marshall, for the total misapprehension of their respective characters under which that letter was written. I then thought Mr. Wheeler a true man and a reliable champion of Free Labor and Free Soil, and that Mr. Marshall was the opposite. How grievously I was mistaken in regard to each, I need not stop to show.

I beg the reader to be assured that the foregoing letter is the very one on which the imputations of the *Times* and the *Courier and Enquirer* were founded. Scrutinize it closely, and judge between me and my assailants!

Remember that the *Times*—its Editor fresh from the perusal of this letter, and writing at Auburn—alleged that I had, in November, 1854, not only 'privately but 'distinctly repudiated all further political friendship 'for and alliance with Gov. Seward,' but 'menaced 'him with his [my] hostility whenever it could be 'made most effective, for the avowed reason that Gov. 'Seward had never aided nor advised his [my] election 'to office.'

Remember that the *Times*, in that same article, resting on this letter, asserts that my opposition to Gov. Seward at Chicago was 'the long hoarded revenge of 'a disappointed office-seeker.' The letter will show whether it breathes a spirit of 'revenge,' or whether it was not written 'more in sorrow than anger.'

Remember that the *Times*—untruly premising that I professed at Chicago to desire Gov. Seward's nomination there for President 'upon the strongest grounds of political and personal friendship'—asserts that I would have been completely 'disarmed' there had the contents of this letter been generally known. And Gen. Webb says that Gov. Seward had exercised and continued to exercise, 'the greatest forbearance' toward me, in keeping this letter private! I must say that I feel far more obliged to the Governor for his tardy surrender of the letter for publication than I ever did or could for any amount of his 'forbearance' in keeping it to himself and his intimate friends.

Gen. Webb in his attack on me remarks that 'when, 'at our request, he [Gov. S.] read the letter to Mr. 'Raymond and the gentleman who accompanied him 'to Auburn, the Governor distinctly stated that, while 'he thought it proper they should know the cause of 'Mr. Greeley's enmity, and were at liberty to refer to 'the fact that he was a disappointed aspirant for office, 'no reference must be made to the existence of such a 'letter.' Now I shall not hold Gov. Seward responsible for the language here attributed to him by his impulsive and chivalrous friend, yet I must say that I cannot appreciate the distinction here set up. If my private letter was to be used to my prejudice, why should it not be referred to? If it was right to read it to Mr. Raymond in order that he might, on the strength of it, charge me with 'hatred,' and false pretenses, and 'wreaking the long-hoarded revenge of a 'disappointed office-seeker' I cannot appreciate the 'forbearance' evinced in forbidding all allusion to the letter on which these charges were based. It seems to me quite as delicate and far more manly to refer at once and frankly to the groundwork of these charges—nay, to give the letter itself to the public—and let each judge for himself as to its spirit and purpose. And I especially regret that Gen. Webb—since he thinks he could have used this letter with such annihilating effect against me at Chicago—had not had it in his possession, and then and there asked me to let him print it. I was not far to seek nor hard to find, and I assure him that he would not have waited a minute for the required permission.

—Enough of this and of these. A single word of improvement to the young and ardent politicians who may read my letter and this comment. The moral I would inculcate is a trite one, but none the less important. It is summed up in the Scriptural injunction—'Put not your trust in princes.' Men, even the best, are frail and mutable, while Principle is sure and eternal. Be no man's man, but Truth's and your country's. You will be sorely tempted at times to take this or that great man for your oracle and guide—it is easy and tempting to lean, to follow, and to trust—but it is safer and wiser to look ever through your own eyes—to tread your own path—to trust implicitly in God alone. The atmosphere is a little warmer inside some great man's castle, but the free air of heaven is ever so much purer and more bracing. My active political life may be said to have begun with Gov. Seward's appearance on the broader stage; for I edited my first political sheet ('The Constitution') in 1834, when he was first a candidate for Governor, and I very ardently labored in 1854 to secure his reelection to the Senate. Thenceforward, I have had no idol, but have acted without personal bias, as the highest public good has from time to time seemed to me to demand. I have differed frankly with Gov. Seward on some financial points; but I think have uttered more praise with less blame of him than of any other living statesman. I have been reminded of late that the *Tribune* has once or twice seemed to resent his treatment in the Senate of Rust's assault on me; but I certainly never alluded to that, and I am confident that the strictures instanced must have been published while I was absent from the city. The matter never seemed to me worth a paragraph. And if ever in my life I discharged a public duty in utter disregard of personal considerations, I did so at Chicago last month. I was no longer a devotee of Gov. Seward; but I was equally independent of all others; and if I had been swayed by feeling alone, I should have for many reasons preferred him to any of his competitors. Our personal intercourse, as well since as before my letter herewith published, had always been frank and kindly, and I was never insensible to his many good and some great qualities, both of head and heart. But I did not and do not believe it advisable that he should be the Republican candidate for President; and I acted in full accordance with my deliberate convictions. Need I add that each subsequent day's developments have tended to strengthen my confidence that what I did was not only well meant but well done?

HORACE GREELEY.

New York, June 13, 1860.

* If I am not mistaken, this judgment is the only speech, letter, or document addressed to the public in which you ever recognized my existence. I hope I may not go down to posterity as embalmed therein.

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		Pr. ct.
First Annual Division to Policy Holders, declared	July 9, '57,	[illegible]
Second " " " " "	July 8, '58,	50
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July, 1856, Net Assets possessed by the Co.,	$570,363 43
" 1857, " " " "	649,719 54
" 1858, " " " "	751,908 52
" 1859, Gross Assets, " "	905,681 84
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Reservation for reinsurance at the tabular rate,	$880,262 21	
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Estimate of losses not heard from,	20,000 00	
Contingencies of investments, 5 per cent. on the amount of property of the Company,	69,781 00	
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New York, July 1st, 1859

Printed at Allen's Office, No. 9 Spruce street, New York.